

THE

HISTORY and FALL

OF

CAIUS MARIUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

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*Quæ Color Albus erat, nunc est contrarius Albo.*

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L O N D O N :

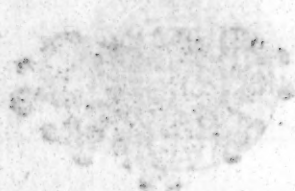
Printed for W. FEALES, at Rowe's Head, the Corner of  
Essex-street in the Strand; A. BETTESWORTH, in  
Water-Noster Row; F. CLAY, at the Bible, R. WEL-  
LINGTON, at the Dolphin and Crown, and C. CORBETT,  
at Addison's Head, all without Temple-Bar; and  
J. BAINDLEY, at the King's Arms in New Bond-street.

MDCCLXXXV.

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CAIUS MARCIUS

A  
TRAGEDY



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TO THE  
*Lord Visc<sup>t</sup>.* FALKLAND.

*My* LORD,



WHEN first it entered into my Thoughts to make this Present to Your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure ; since, upon due Examination of my self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your Hands.

FOR heretofore having had the Honour  
to be near You, and bred under the same  
A 3 Discipline

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small Share of Letters I have, to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be ashamed of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learned to value them, by the wonderful Progress which even in Your tender Years You made in them: So that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You.

Y O U R Lordship has an extraordinary Reason to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your Great Father loved it. May Your Lordship's Fame and Employment grow as great, or greater than His were! and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if possible) to that great \* Genius which sung of Him!

M Y slender humble Talent must not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I must always submit to, a general Goodness, which I never (to its Worth) can value: And who can praise that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

\* Mr. Waller.

ALREAD

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

ALREADY the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the best Judgment are fixed upon You: For wheresoever You come, You have their Attention when present, and their Praise when You are gone: And I am sure (if I obtain but Your Lordship's Pardon) I shall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to express my self,

*Your Lordship's*

*Most Humble Servant,*

THO. OTWAY.

A 4

PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

**I**N Ages past (when will those Times renew?)  
When Empires flourish'd, so did Poets too.  
When great Augustus the World's Empire held,  
Horace and Ovid's happy Verse excell'd.  
Ovid's soft Genius, and his tender Arts  
Of moving Nature, melted hardest Hearts.  
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, move,  
To listen to the Language of his Love.  
Her Father honour'd him; and on her Breast,  
With ravish'd Sense in her Embraces prest,  
He lay transported, fanciful, and blest.  
Horace's lofty Genius boldlier rear'd  
His manly Head, and thro' all Nature steer'd;  
Her richest Pleasures in his Verse refin'd,  
And wrought 'em to the Relish of the Mind.  
He lash'd, with a true Poet's fearless Rage,  
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.  
Therefore Mecænas, that great Fav'rite, rais'd  
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.  
Our Shakespear wrote too in an Age as blest,  
The happiest Poet of his Time, and best;  
A gracious Prince's Favour cheer'd his Muse,  
A constant Favour he ne'er fear'd to lose.

There



## P R O L O G U E.

*Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,  
 And Thoughts that were immortal as his Mind.  
 And from the Crop of his luxurious Pen  
 E'er since succeeding Poets humbly glean.  
 Though much the most unworthy of the Throng,  
 Our this Day's Poet fears he's done him Wrong.  
 Like greedy Beggars that steal Sheaves away,  
 You'll find he's rifled him of half a Play.  
 Amidst his baser Dross you'll see it shine  
 Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.  
 To such low Shifts, of late, are Poets worn,  
 Whilst we both Wit's and Cæsar's Absence mourn.  
 Oh! when will He and Poetry return!  
 When shall we there again behold him sit,  
 'Midst shining Boxes, and a courtly Pit,  
 The Lord of Hearts, and President of Wit?  
 When that blest Day (quick may it come!) appears,  
 His Cares once banish'd, and his Nation's Fears,  
 The joyful Muses on their Hills shall sing  
 Triumphant Songs of Britain's happy King.  
 Plenty and Peace shall flourish in our Isle,  
 And all things like the English Beauty smile.  
 You, Criticks, shall forget your nat'ral Spite,  
 And Poets with unbounded Fancy write;  
 Ev'n this Day's Poet shall be alter'd quite:  
 His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;  
 And he himself, whilst you his Verse allow,  
 As much transported as he's humble now.*





## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

*Caius Marius,*  
*Sylla*  
*Marius Junior,*  
*Granius,*  
*Metellus,*  
*Quintus Pompeius,*  
*Cinna,*  
*Sulpitius,*  
*Ancharius, a Senator.*  
Priest.  
Apothecary.  
2 *Pompeius's Son.*  
Guards, Lictors.  
Ruffians, &c.

*Mr. Betterton.*  
*Mr. Williams.*  
*Mr. Smith.*  
*Mr. Percival.*  
*Mr. Gilloze.*  
*Mr. Williams.*  
*Mr. Feron.*  
*Mr. Underbil.*

### W O M E N.

*Lavinia,*  
Nurse.

*Mrs. Barry.*  
*Mrs. Noakes.*

THE



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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Within.* [Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! *Mar. and Sulpicius*]  
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

*Enter Metellus, Antonius, Cinna, and Senators.*

METELLUS.



WHEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,  
To fix the Order of our wayward State,  
That we may once more know each other;  
know

Th'Extent of Laws, Prerogatives, and Dues;  
The Bounds of Rules and Magistracy; who

A 6

Ought

Ought first to govern, and who must obey?  
 It was not thus when God-like *Scipio* held  
 The Scale of Pow'r; he, who with temp'rate Poise  
 Knew how to guide the People's Liberty  
 In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,  
 For he himself was one——

*Cin.* He was indeed

A Noble born; and still in *Rome*, there are  
 Most worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour,  
 Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,  
 And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,  
 That bear down all Authority before 'em,  
 Were we not sold to Ruin.

*Met. Cinna*, there

Thou'st hit my Mark: We are to Ruin sold;  
 In all things sold; Voices are sold in *Rome*:  
 And yet we boast of Liberty. — Just Gods!  
 That Guardians of an Empire should be chosen  
 By the lewd Noise of a licentious Rout!  
 The sturdy'st Drinker makes the ablest Statesman.

*Ant.* Would it not anger any true-born *Roman*,  
 To see the giddy Multitude together,  
 Never consulting who 'tis best deserves,  
 But who feasts highest, to obtain their Suffrage?  
 As 'tis not many Years since two great Men  
 In *Rome* stood equal Candidates together,  
 For high Command: In ev'ry House was Riot:  
 To-day the drunken Rabble reel to one;  
 To-morrow they were mad again for t'other;  
 Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:  
 And none could guess on whom the Choice would settle;  
 Till at the last a Stratagem was thought of:  
 A mighty Vessel of *Falernian* Wine  
 Was brought into the *Forum*, crown'd with Wreaths  
 Of Ivy, sacred to the jolly God.  
 The Monster-People roar'd aloud for Joy:

When

When first the Candidate himself appears,  
In Pomp, to grace the Present he had made;  
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had  
With a smooth Tale tickled their Asses Ears,  
He at both Ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Consulship.

*Cin.* This Curse we owe to *Marius's* Pride,  
That made him first most basely bribe the People  
For Consul in the War against *Jugurtha*:  
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant,  
And how the Kindness was return'd, all know.  
I never low'd his rough untoward Nature,  
And wonder such a Weed got Growth in *Rome*;

*Met.* What says my *Cinna*?

*Cin.* That I like not *Marius*,  
Nor love him ———

*Met.* There *Rome's* better Genius spoke.  
Let us consult and weigh this Subject well.  
O *Romans*, he's the Thorn that galls us all.  
Our haras'd State is crippled with the Weight  
Of his Ambition: We're not safe in *Marius*.  
Do I not know his Rise, his low Beginning,  
From what a wretched despicable Root  
His Greatness grew? Gods! that a Peasant's Brat,  
Born in the utmost Cottages of *Arpos*,  
And foster'd in a Corner, should, by Bribes,  
By Cov'tousness, and all the hateful Means  
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate  
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome*?

*Ant.* Ambition, raging like a Dæmon in him,  
Distorts him to all ugly Forms she's need to use:  
In his first Start of Fortune, Oh how vile  
Were his Endeavours and Submissions then!  
When suing to be chosen first *Edile*,  
He was, by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it,  
And in the same Day shamefully return'd,  
To obtain the second Office of that Name.

Equal



Equal was his Success, deny'd in both:  
 Yet could he condescend at last to ask  
 The Prætorship, and but with Bribes got that.  
 Yet this is he that has disturb'd the World,  
 Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wishes.

*Met.* I must confess it burthens much my Age,  
 To see the Man I hate, thus ride my Country:  
 For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cause to hate him.  
 I was the first (and I am well rewarded)  
 That lent my Hand to raise his feeble State.  
 When first I made him Tribune by my Voice,  
 I thought there might be something in his Nature  
 That promis'd well. His Parents were most honest,  
 And serv'd my Father justly in their Trust.  
 Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Consul,  
 And went against *Jugurtha* into *Afric*  
 I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.  
 'Twas there his Pride first shew'd it self in Actions,  
 Oppress'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

*Cin.* The Story's famous. Base Ingratitude,  
 Dissimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,  
 Ill-manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills  
 Of one base born, in *Marius* are join'd.

*Met.* Ev'n Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition.  
 Six times the Consul's Office has he borne:  
 How well, our present Discords best declare.  
 Yet now again, when Time has worn him low,  
 Consum'd with Age, and by Discales press'd,  
 He courts the People, to be once more chosen  
 To lead the War against King *Mithridates*.

*Ant.* For this each Day he rises with the Sun,  
 And in the Fields of *Mars* appears in Arms,  
 Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exercise:  
 He rides and tilts, and when the Prize he's won,  
 He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,

And



And there presents it to the fordid Rabble;  
Who shout to Heav'n, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

*Met.* He shall not have it, by the Gods he shall not.  
There is a *Roman*, noble, just, and valiant,  
*Sylla's* his Name, sprung from the ancient Stock  
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,  
Flush'd with Success, and of a Spirit bold;  
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, still has crost  
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brightest Triumphs:  
He's Consul now. Then let us all resolve,  
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,  
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts  
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

*Cin.* Agreed for *Sylla*.

*All.* All for *Sylla*.

*Met.* Nay,

This Monster *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,  
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,  
And asks my Daughter for his hated Off-spring.  
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* shall be *Sylla's*,  
My eldest born; her, and the best of all  
My Fortune, I'll confer on him, to crush the Pride  
Of this base-born, hot-brain'd, plebeian Tyrant.

*Ant.* Now *Rome's* last Stake of Liberty is set,  
And must be push'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

*Cin.* Then *Caius Marius* shall not have the Consulship.

*Met.* No, I would rather be *Sulpitius'* Slave,  
That furious headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,  
That mad wild Bull, whom *Marius* lets loose  
On each Occasion when he'd made *Rome* feel him,  
To toss our Laws and Liberties i'th'Air.

*Ant.* That lawless Tribune then must be reduc'd,  
Unhing'd from off the Pow'r that holds him up,  
His Band of full six hundred *Roman* Knights,  
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot.

Which

Which he his Guard against the Senate calls;  
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Mischiefs.

*Met.* Fear nothing; let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,  
And then see how like Day he'll break upon 'em,  
And scatter all those Goblins of the Night,  
Confusion's Night; where in the dark Disorders  
Of a divided State, Men know not where  
Or how to walk, for fear they lose their Way,  
And stumble upon Ruin. Mark the Race  
Of *Sylla's* Life; observe but what has past,  
How still he's borne a Face against this *Marius*,  
And kept an equal Stretch with him for Glory.

*Cin.* He's in the Capitol an Image set  
Of Gold, in Honour of his own Atchievement;  
Wherein's describ'd how the *Numidian* King  
Gave up *Jugurtha* Prisoner to *Sylla*,  
And all in spite of *Marius*. Oh now,  
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,  
Resume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Consul.  
Courage, Nobility, and innate Honour,  
Justice unbiass'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,  
Presence of Mind, and resolute Performance,  
Meet all in *Sylla*.

*Met.* Let's all agree for *Sylla*.

*All.* All for *Sylla*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Marius Senior, Marius Junior, and Granius.*

*Mar.Sen.* There Rome's Dæmons go.  
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm  
And Tempest of the State, they meet in Corners,  
And urge Destruction higher: for this End  
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar, *Sylla*,  
To cross my Way, and stop my Tide of Glory.  
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he  
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;

If I am he that led *Rome's* Armies out,  
Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War;  
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter Camps,  
Till I brought settled Peace and Plenty home;  
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;  
Why does she use me thus?

*Mar. Jun.* Because she's rul'd  
By lazy Drones that feed on others Labours,  
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;  
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,  
That always are fermenting Mischief up,  
And style their private Malice publick Safety—

*Gran.* One discontented Villain leads a State  
To Madness. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny  
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life  
And Manners sordid; one whose Gain's his God;  
And to that cursed End he'd sacrifice  
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:  
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

*Mar. Sen.* He's taken *Rome* even in the nicest Minute,  
And easily debauch'd her to his Ends,  
When she was over-cloy'd with Happiness,  
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.  
For *Spila* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,  
She has relinquish'd me, and flouts my Age.  
Constant ill Fortune wait upon her for't,  
And wreck her Fate as low as first I found it,  
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,  
And hungry Ruin had it in the Wind;  
When bar'rous Nations, of a Race unknown,  
From undiscover'd northern Regions came,  
To lay her waste, and sweep her from the Earth;  
Till I, *Marius* rose, the Soul of all  
The Hope she'd left, and with unweary'd Toil,  
Dangers each Hour, and never-sleeping Care,

(A Bur-

(A Burthen for a God) oppos'd my self  
 'Twixt her and Desolation, gorg'd the Maw  
 Of Death with slaughter'd Numbers of her Foes,  
 Restor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

*Mar. Jun.* The Glory of that War must be remember'd,  
 When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, shall lie  
 In Ashes——Full three hundred thousand Men,  
 All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,  
 Whose Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,  
 Hung like a Swarm of Mischiefs on the Hills  
 Of *Italy*, and threaten'd Fate to *Europe*.

*Gran.* They came in Tribes, as if to take Possession,  
 And seem'd a People whom the Hand of Fate  
 Had scourg'd by Famine from a barren Land;  
 Of Visage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd  
 By bitter Frosts and Winter Winds; yet fierce  
 As hungry Lions of the Desert.  
 Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs,  
 Bold manly Haggs, whom Shame had long forsook,  
 And vagrant Living had inur'd to Ill,  
 Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

*Mar. Jun.* And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*  
 Shrank like a Worm, and *Sylla* scarce was heard of.

*Mar. Sen.* That curst *Metellus* still has been my Plague,  
 And ever done me most delib'rate Wrong;  
 Because, like a tame Hawk, I scorn'd to fly  
 Just at his Quarries, and attend his Lure.  
 Because I grew too great for him in Wars,  
 And serv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice  
 Have I already offer'd him Alliance,  
 And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.  
 Beggary catch me when again I court him!  
 Why sigh'st thou, Boy? Still at th'unlucky Name  
 Of that *Lavinia*, I've observ'd thee thus  
 With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had seiz'd thee.

*Mar.*



*Mar. Jun.* Why did you name *Lavinia*? would she'ad  
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her. (ne'er

*Mar. Sen.* Forget her, *Marius*; she's a dainty Bit,  
A Delicate, for none but *Sylla's* Taste,  
The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th'Idol that's set up  
To blast thy Hopes, and cloud thy Father's Glories,  
Consider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

*Mar. Jun.* Forget her! Oh! she's as Beauty might ensnare  
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crowns  
At random to be scuffled for by Slaves.  
Forget her! Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;  
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs  
Done you by that inglorious Patrician,  
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,  
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.  
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en 'midst  
To strike this through him in his Consul's  
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his stead.

*Mar. Sen.* Oh! name not him and Consulship toget.  
*Sylla* and Consul! set 'em far apart  
As East from West, for as they now are met,  
It bodes Confusion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

*Gran.* I'd rather see *Rome* but one Fun'ral Pile,  
And all her People quitting her like Bees,  
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;  
Much rather see her Senators in Chains  
Dragg'd thro' the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,  
Than see that vain presumptuous Upstart's Pride  
Succeed, to lead the Armies you have bred.

*Mar. Sen.* 'Tis such a Wrong as even tortures Thought,  
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,  
Fought all her Battles with renown'd Success,  
And never lost her yet a Man in vain,  
Should, now her noblest Fortune is at Stake,  
And *Mithridates'* Sword is drawn, be thrown

Aside;



Afide, like some old broken batter'd Shield;  
 To see my Laurels wither as I rust:  
 And all this manag'd by the cursed Craft,  
 Petulant Envy, and malignant Spite,  
 Of that old barking Senate's Dog *Metellus*.  
 Stake me, just Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,  
 Lay my grey Hairs low in the Cave of Death,  
 Rather than live in Mem'ry of such Shame!

*Gran.* Perish *Metellus* first, and all his Race!

*Mar. Sen.* There spoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the Head  
 Of *Jove*,

I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases.  
 Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate  
 Commence between our Houses from this Moment;  
 And meeting, never let 'em bloodless part.

*us.* bid *Sulpitius* straight be ready  
 set me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.

the Gods, I'll chase the Daemon out,  
 that rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood  
 To that Degree, till she grow tame enough  
 To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.  
 Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought?  
 Take m'in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?  
 'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

*Mar. Jun.* As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be.  
 Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no End,  
 Must I resolve to hate *Metellus*' Race,  
 Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?  
*Lavinia*! Oh! there's Musick in the Name,  
 That, softning me to infant Tendernefs,  
 Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life.

*Mar. Sen.* Then thou'rt lost: If thou art Man or *Roman*,  
 If thou hast Virtue in thee, or canst prize  
 Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave.  
 Hell! Love her? Damn her: There's *Metellus* in her.

In ev'ry Line of her bewitching Face  
There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of,  
I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,  
And basely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,  
Than thou should'st think to taint my gen'rous Blood  
With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gownman,  
*Lavinia!*

*Mar. Jun.* Yes, *Lavinia*: Is she not  
As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?  
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?  
As op'ning Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,  
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?  
Why first did you bewitch me else to Weakness?  
When from the Sacrifice we came together,  
And as by hers our Chariot drove along,  
These were your Words: That, *Marius*, that is she  
That must give Happiness to thee and *Rome*,  
Confirming in thy Arms my wish'd-for Peace  
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla's* Heart.

*Mar. Sen.* Then she was charming.

*Mar. Jun.* Oh! I found her so.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never miss'd my Heart,  
It fled so pleasingly away. But now  
My Soul is all *Lavinia's*; now she's fix'd  
Firm in my Heart, by secret Vows made there,  
Th'indelible Records of faithful Love,  
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?  
Create me o'er again—and I may be  
That haughty Master of my self you'd have me;  
But as I am, the Slave of strong Desires,  
That keep me struggling under; tho' I see  
The hopeless State of my unhappy Love;  
With Torment, like a stubborn Slave that lies  
Chain'd to the Floor, stretch'd helpless on his Back,  
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

*Mar.*

*Mar. Sen.* Has she yet heard your Love, or granted her's?

*Mar. Jun.* If Eyes may speak the Language of the Heart,  
If tend'rest Glances, Sighs, and sudden Blushes,  
May be interpreted for Love in one  
So young, so fair, and innocent as she,  
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers —

*Mar. Sen.* No more; I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.  
When next thou nam'st her, let it be with Infamy.  
Tell me, she's as whor'd, or fled her Father's House  
With some coarse Slave t'a secret Cell of Lust,  
And then I'll bless thee.

*Mar. Jun.* I'll all obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,  
And find like me one wretched, if you can.  
No, Sir, I'll speak that hateful Name no more,  
But be as curst as you can wish your Son.

*Enter Sulpitius.*

*Mar. Sen.* Oh, *Sulpitius*!  
Thou Darling of m'Ambition, art thou come?  
What News?

*Sulp.* I've left a Present at your House;  
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,  
Young thing, that was in time t'have been a Lord,  
But he's but Worms-meat now.

*Mar. Sen.* My best *Sulpitius*,  
Thou always comfort'st me. See here a Man,  
A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune;  
But merely of his Choice my Honour's Friend:  
What mighty things would he not do for me?  
Could'st thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?—

*Sulp.* How! my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

*Mar. Jun.* A Woman, Sir.—I must not speak her Name.

*Sulp.* If it be hopeless Love, use gen'rous Means,  
'And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound.  
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,  
And the rank Poison of the old will die—

*Mar.*

*Mar. Jun.* Plantane-Leaf is excellent for that.

*Sul.* For what?

*Mar. Jun.* For broken Shins.

*Sulp.* Why, art thou mad?

*Mar. Jun.* Not mad, but bound more than a Madman is;  
Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food,  
Whipt and tormented.—Pr'ythee do not wake me;  
Let me dream on——

*Sulp.* Oh! the small Queen of Fairies  
Is busy in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes  
Drawn by a little Team of smallest Atoms  
Over Mens Noses as they lie asleep,  
In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut,  
Made by a Joyner-Squirrel: in which State  
She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains;  
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.  
Sometimes she courses o'er a Courtier's Nose,  
And then he dreams of begging an Estate;  
Sometimes she hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats;  
Of Breaches, Ambuscadoes, temper'd Blades,  
Of good rich Winter-quarters, and false Musters:  
Sometimes she tweeks a Poet by the Ear,  
And then dreams he  
Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,  
And mighty Presents from the Lord knows who;  
But wakes as empty as he laid him down.  
She's been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now  
Of nothing but a Consulship!

*Mar. Sen.* A Rattle!

Give the fantastick giddy Boy a Rattle;  
The puling Fondling should not want a Play-thing:  
A Consulship!

*Sulp.* By all the Gods, he'll shake it.  
He's drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,

As



As if he meant Destruction or Success:  
The Rabble too are drunk with him already——

*Mar. Sen.* Alarum all our Citizens to Arms.  
That are my Friends: Draw you your Guards together,  
And take Possession of the *Forum*. Thou,  
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,  
Till thou'st done something worthy of my Name.

*Mar. Jun.* First perish *Rome*, and all I hold most dear,  
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate.——

*Mar. Sen.* Why, that's well said——

*Sulp.* My Troops are all together,  
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns  
Play Tricks with us. Our Ensigns, as they stood  
Display'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,  
And burnt to Tinder.

Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,  
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes;  
Then bore the Garbage back into their Nests.  
A Noise of Trumpets rattling in the Air  
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

*Mar. Sen.* It was the *Roman* Genius, that thus warns  
Me, her old Friend, not to let slip my Fate.  
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! if I've done  
For thee things great and well—shall Fortune now  
Forfake me?

Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to Blows,  
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'scape thee,  
Who'd strip my Age of its most dear-bought Honours;  
Else why have I thus bustling in the World,  
Through various and uncertain Fortune hurl'd,  
But to be great, ungloried, and alone?  
Which only He can be who still spurs on  
As swift at last as when he first begun. [Exit *Mar. Sen.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Metellus and Nurse.*

*Met.* I Cannot rest to-night: Ill-boding Thoughts  
Have chas'd soft Sleep from my unsettled Brains.  
This seems *Lavinia's* Chamber, and she up.

Left too to-night has been a Stranger here.

*Lavinia!* my Daughter, ho! Where art thou?

*Nurse.* Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve Years old  
I had one)

Come; what, Lamb? what, Lady-bird, Gods forbid.

Where's this Girl *Lavinia*?

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lav.* How now? Who calls?

*Nurse.* Your Father, Child.

*Lav.* I'm here. Your Lordship's Pleasure?

*Met.* Why up at this unlucky Time of Night,

When nought but loathsome Vermin are abroad,

Or Witches gath'ring pois'nous Herbs for Spells,

By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon?

*Lav.* Alas! I could not sleep: In a sad Dream

I thought I saw one standing by my Bed,

To warn me I should have a care of Sleep;

For 'twould be baneful——

*Met.* Dreams give Children Fears.

*Lav.* At which I rose from my uneasy Pillows,

And to my Closet went, to pray the Gods

To avert the unlucky Omen.

*Met.* 'Twas well done.

*Nurse,* give us Leave a while: I must impart

Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet stay,

And hear it too. Thou know'st *Lavinia's* Age.

B

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Faith I know her Age to an Hour.

*Met.* She's bare sixteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay sixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet, no Disparagement, I have but six; she's not sixteen. How long is't now since *Marius* triumph'd last?

*Met.* No matter, Woman; what's that to thee?

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, since *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My Lady and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happiness; she was too good for me. But, as I was saying, a Month hence she'll be sixteen. 'Tis since *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then she was wean'd. Sure I shall never forget it of all Days—Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormseed to my Breast, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But, as I said before, when it did taste the Wormseed on my Nipple, and felt bitter, pretty Fool! to see it reachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas a need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And since that time it's thirteen Years; and then she could stand alone; nay, she could run and waddle all about: For just the Day before she broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace with him, hew as a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vienny*? And, by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left crying and said, Ay—I warrant an I should live a thousand Years, I never should forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vienny*? quo' he; and, pretty Fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

*Met.* Enough of this; stop thy impertinent Chat.

*Nurse.* Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuse but laugh to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay—And in its Sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big as a Coachman's Stone, a parlous Knock! and it cry'd bitterly.

my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not, *Vienny*?  
 Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay —

*Met.* Intolerable trifling Gossip, Peace.

*Nurse.* Well; thou wast the pretty'st Babe that e'er I nurs'd. Might I but live to see thee marry'd once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay —

*Met.* What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia*? was the Subject that I came to treat of.

*Lav.* It is a Thing I have not dreamt of yet.

*Nurse.* Thing? the Thing of Marriage? Were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suck'd thy Wisdom from thy Teat. The Thing?

*Met.* Think of it now then; for I come to make proposals may be worthy of your Wishes.

They are for *Sylla*, the young, the gay, the handsome, noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

*Nurse.* A Man, young Lady, Lady, such a Man as all the World — why, he's a Man of Wax.

*Met.* Consider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee; and now old Age gains ground so fast upon me, amongst all its sad Infirmities, my Fears for thee are not the smallest.

Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*, high-born Lord, and of the noblest Hopes that *Rome* can boast, to give thee to his Arms; in the Winter of my Age to find rest from all worldly Cares, and kind Rejoicing in the warm Sunshine of thy Happiness.

*Lav.* If Happiness be seated in Content, that my being bless'd can make you so, let me implore it on my Knees. I am your only Child; and still, through all the Course of my past Life, have been obedient too: and as you've ever been a loving Parent, and bred me up with watchful tender'st Care,

Which never cost me hitherto a Tear,  
Name not that that *Sylla* any more; indeed  
I cannot love him.

*Met.* Why?

*Lav.* Indeed I cannot.

*Met.* Oh early Disobedience! By the Gods,  
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,  
Perverseness, and untoward head-strong Will!

*Lav.* Think me not so; I gladly shall submit  
To any thing; nay, must submit to all:  
Yet think a little, or you sell my Peace.  
The Rites of Marriage are of mighty Moment:  
And should you violate a Thing so sacred  
Into a lawful Rape, and load my Soul  
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow easy,  
How miserable am I like to be?

*Met.* Has then some other taken up your Heart,  
And banish'd Duty as an Exile thence?  
What sensual lewd Companion of the Night  
Have you been holding Conversation with,  
From open Windows at a midnight Hour,  
When your loose Wishes would not let you sleep?

*Lav.* If I should love, is that a Fault in one  
So young as I? I cannot guess the Cause,  
But when you first nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,  
My Heart shrunk back, as if you'd done it Wrong;  
If I did love, I'll tell you——if I durst.  
Oh *Marius*!

*Met.* Hah!

*Lav.* 'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd;  
That Enemy to you, and all your House.  
'Twas an unlucky Omén that the first  
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.  
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as soon could wed  
That *Marius*, whom I've Cause to hate, as *Sylla*.



*Met.* No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad,  
That daily, nightly, hourly, ev'ry way,  
My Care has been to make thy Fortune high;  
And having now provided thee a Lord,  
Of noblest Parentage, of fair Demetrius,  
Early in Fame, youthful, and well ally'd,  
In ev'ry thing as Thought could wish a Man,  
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,  
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,  
To answer, *I'll not wed, I cannot love!*  
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,  
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.  
Go, try thy Risk in Fortune's barren Field,  
Graze where thou wilt, but think no more of me,  
Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

*Lav.* Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia*,  
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,  
To wander up and down the Streets of Rome,  
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear  
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,  
Near with his Master's Plenty, when I ask  
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?  
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,  
To seek a Shelter under dropping Eaves,  
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,  
Liv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,  
Well'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears?  
Must I, at the uncharitable Gates  
Of proud great Men, implore Relief in vain?  
Must I, your poor *Lavinia*, bear all this,  
Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,  
Or cannot love according to your Liking?

*Met.* Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?

*Lav.* No;  
It is given away.

*Met.* To whom?

*Lav.* I dare not tell.

But I'll endeavour strongly to forget him,  
If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

*Met.* Thou dost well.

Conceal his Name, if thou'dst preserve his Life:  
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might  
Be bought, it should not miss him. From this Hour  
Curst be thy Purposes, most curst thy Love.  
And if thou marry'st, in thy Wedding-night  
May all the Curses of an injur'd Parent  
Fall thick, and blast the Blessings of thy Bed.

*Lav.* What have you done? Alas! Sir, as you spoke,  
Methought the Fury of your Words took place,  
And struck my Heart with Lightning, dead within me  
Gone too? [Exit Metellus]

Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds  
That sees into the Bottom of my Grief?  
Alas! that ever Heav'n should practise Stratagems  
Upon so soft a Subject as my self!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a Word of Joy?  
Some Comfort, Nurse, in this Extremity.

*Nurse.* Marry, and there's but need on't: Ods my Life  
this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for  
all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and so  
*Sylla*. Oh! but *Marius's* Lip! and then *Sylla's* Nose and  
Forehead! But then *Marius's* Eye again, how 'twill sparkle  
and twinkle, and rowl, and fleer! But to see *Sylla* a Horse  
back! But to see *Marius* walk or dance! such a Leg, such  
a Foot, such a Shape, such a Motion! Ah, a—Well, *Marius*  
is the Man, must be the Man, and shall be the Man.

*Lav.* He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,  
And knows not yet the Follies of my Love:  
And when he does, perhaps may scorn and hate me.

of CAIUS MARIUS.

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*Nurse.* Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow: He's not the Flow'r of Courtesy; but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, serve God. What! a Father's an old Man; and old Men, they say, will take care. But a young Man! Girl, ah! a young Man! there's a great deal in a young Man; and thou shalt have a young Man. What! I have been thy Nurse these sixteen Years, and I should know what's good for thee, surely. Oh! Ay—a young Man!

*Lav.* Now pr'ythee leave me to my self a while.

[Exit Nurse.]

'Tis hardly yet within two Hours of Day.

Sad Nights seem long—I'll down into the Garden.

The Queen of Night

Shines fair with all her Virgin-stars about her.

Not one amongst them all a Friend to me:

Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my Steps,

And think what Course my wretched State must take.

Oh, *Marius*!

[Exit Lavinia.]



SCENE II. *A walled Garden belonging to Metellus's House.*

*Enter Marius Junior.*

*Mar. Jun.* **H**OW vainly have I spent this idle Night!  
 Ev'n Wine can't heal the Ragings of  
 This sure should be the Mansion of *Lavinia*; (my Love.  
 For in such Groves the Deities first dwelt.  
 Can I go forward, when my Heart is here?  
 Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.

[Enters the Garden.]

*Enter Granus and Sulpitius.*

*Gra.* This way he went——Why, *Marius!* Brother  
*Marius!*

*Sul.* Perhaps he's wife, and gravely gone to Bed.  
There's not so weak a Drunkard as a Lover;  
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

*Gra.* He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard-Wall.  
Call, good *Sulpitius*.

*Sulp.* Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Why, *Marius!* Humours! Passion! Madman! Lover!  
Appear thou in the Likeness of a Sigh;  
Speak but one Word, and I am satisfy'd.  
He hears not, neither stirs he yet. Nay then  
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia's* Eyes,  
By her high Forehead, and her scarlet Lip,  
By her fine Foot, straight Leg, and quiv'ring Thigh,  
And the Demesns that there adjacent lie,  
That in thy Likeness thou appear to us.

*Gra.* Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him——

*Sulp.* This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him  
To raise a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,  
Till she had laid and charm'd it down again.

*Gra.* Let's go; he's hid himself among these Trees,  
To die his melancholick Mind in Night : : :  
Blind in his Love, and best befits the Dark.

*Sulp.* Pox o'this Love, this little Scarecrow Love,  
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath  
Out of their feeble Sense.

*Gra.* Stop there——let's leave the Subject and its Slave;  
Or burn *Metellus'* House about his Ears.

*Sulp.* This Morning *Sylla* means to enter Rome:  
Your Father too demands the Consulship.  
Yet now, when he should think of cutting Throats,  
Your Brother's lost; lost in a Maze of Love,  
The idle Truantry of callow Boys.



I'd rather trust my Fortunes with a Daw,  
That hops at ev'ry Butterfly he sees,  
Than have to do in Honour with a Man,  
That sells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Marius Junior in the Garden.*

*Mar. Jun.* He laughs at Wounds, that never felt their  
Smart.

What Light is that which breaks thro' yonder Shade?

[*Lavinia in the Balcony.*]

Oh! 'tis my Love. I only wish I saw her face,  
She seems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,  
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back,  
Or a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop's* Ear.  
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright,  
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking.

*Lav.* Ah me!

*Mar. Jun.* She speaks.

Oh! speak again, bright Angel; for thou art  
As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon  
To th' admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,  
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,  
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

*Lav.* O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius*?  
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,  
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

*Mar. Jun.* Shall I hear this, and yet keep Silence?

*Lav.* No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.  
Thou would'st be still thy self, tho' not a *Marius*,  
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.  
What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,  
By any other Name would smell as sweet.  
So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,

Be still as dear to my desiring Eyes,  
Without that Title. *Marius*, lose thy Name,  
And for that Name, which is no Part of thee,  
Take all *Lavinia*.

*Mar. Jun.* At thy Word I take thee;  
Call me but thine, and Joys will so transport me,  
I shall forget my self, and quite be chang'd.

*Lav.* Who art thou, that, thus hid and veil'd in Night,  
Hast overheard my Follies?

*Mar. Jun.* By a Name  
I know not how to tell thee who I am.  
My Name, dear Creature, 's hateful to my self,  
Because it is an Enemy to thee.

*Lav. Marius?* how cam'st thou hither? tell, and why?  
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,  
And the Place Death, confid'ring who thou art,  
If any of our Family here find thee.  
By whose Directions didst thou find this Place?

*Mar. Jun.* By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire,  
He lent me Counsel, and I lent him Eyes.  
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far  
As the vast Shore wash'd by the farthest Sea,  
I'd hazard Ruin for a Prize so dear——

*Lav.* Oh *Marius*! vain are all such Hopes and Wishes,  
The Hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us;  
Our Houses Hatred, and the Fate of *Rome*,  
Where none but *Sylla* must be happy now.  
All bring him Sacrifices of some sort,  
And I must be a Victim to his Bed.  
To-night my Father broke the dreadful News;  
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,  
He threaten'd me to banish me his House,  
Naked and shiftless to the World. Would'st thou,  
*Marius*, receive a Beggar to thy Bosom?

*Mar. Jun.* Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that Point,  
I'd then shake Hands with Fortune, and be Friends;  
Thus grasp my Happiness, embrace it thus,  
And bless th'ill Turn that gave thee to my Arms.

*Lav.* Thou know'st the Mask of Night is on my Face;  
Else should I blush for what thou'st heard me speak.  
Fain would I dwell on Form; and fain deny  
The Things I've said: but farewell all such Follies.  
Dost thou then love? I know thou'lt say thou dost;  
And I must take thy Word, tho' thou prove false. (above)

*Mar. Jun.* By yon bright *Cynthia's* Beams that shines

*Lav.* Oh! swear not by the Moon, th'inconstant Moon,  
That changes monthly, and shines but by Seasons,  
Lest that thy Love prove variable too.

*Mar. Jun.* What shall I swear by?

*Lav.* Do not swear at all.

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Who art the God of my Idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Mar. Jun.* Witness all ye Powers.

*Lav.* Nay, do not swear: altho' my Joy be great,  
I'm hardly satisfy'd with this Night's Contract:  
It seems too rash, too unadvis'd and sudden,  
Too like the Lightning, which does cease to be  
Ere one can say it is. Therefore this time  
Good-night, my *Marius*. May a happier Hour  
Bring us to crown our Wishes.

*Mar. Jun.* Why wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?

*Lav.* What would'st thou have?

*Mar. Jun.* Th'Exchange of Love for mine.

*Lav.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
And yet I wish I could retrieve it back.

*Mar. Jun.* Why?

*Lav.* But to be frank, and give it thee again;  
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,

My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,  
The more I have; for both are infinite.  
I hear a Noise within. Farewel, my *Marius*;  
Or stay a little, and I'll come again.

*Mar. Jun.* Stay! sure for ever. (indeed.

*Lav.* Three Words, and, *Marius*, then Good-night  
If that thy Love be honourably meant,  
Thy Purpose Marriage, send me Word to-morrow,  
And all my Fortunes at thy Feet I'll lay.

*Nurse within.]* Madam!

*Lav.* I come anon. But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee——

*Nurse within.]* Madam! Madam!

*Lav.* By and by, I come.

To cease thy Suit, and leave me to my Grievs.  
To-morrow I will send——

[Exit.

*Mar. Jun.* So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,  
Too lovely, sweet, and flatt'ring to be true?

*Re-enter Lavinia.*

*Lav.* Hift, *Marius*, hift. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,  
To lure this Tassel-gentle back again.  
Restraint has Fears, and may not speak aloud:  
Else would I tear the Cave where *Echo* lies,  
With Repetition of my *Marius*——

*Mar. Jun.* It is my Love that calls me back again.  
How sweetly Lovers Voices sound by Night!  
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

*Lav. Marius!*

*Mar.* My Dear!

*Lav.* What a Clock to-morrow?

*Mar. Jun.* At the Hour of Nine.

*Lav.* I will not fail: 'Tis twenty Years till then.  
Why did I call thee back?

*Mar. Jun.* Let me here stay till thou remember'st why.

*Lav.*



*Lav.* The Morning's breaking; I would have thee gone;  
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,  
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,  
To pull it by its Fetters back again.

*Mar. Jun.* Would I were thine.

*Lav.* Indeed and so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee sure with too much cherishing.  
No more — Good-night.

*Mar. Jun.* There's such sweet Pain in parting,  
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,  
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

*Lav.* To-morrow will come.

*Mar. Jun.* So it will. Good-night,  
Heav'n be thy Guard, and all its Blessings wait thee —

[*Exit Lavinia.*]

To-morrow! 'tis no longer: But Desires  
Are swift, and longing Love wou'd lavish Time.  
To-morrow! Oh to-morrow! till that come,  
The tedious Hours move heavily away,  
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.  
Already Light is mounted in the Air,  
Striking itself thro' ev'ry Element:  
Our Party will by this time be abroad,  
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.  
Love and Renown sure court me thus together,  
Smile, smile, ye Gods, and give Success to both. [*Exit.*]



SCENE III. *The Forum.*

*Enter four Citizens.*

3 *Cit.* **W**ell, Neighbours, now we are here, what  
must we do?

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Why, you must give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Consul: And if any body speaks against you, knock 'em down.

2 *Cit.* The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have Leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 *Cit.* Look you—but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great Talk of him—He's a damnable fighting Fellow, they say; but hang him—he's a Lord.

1 *Cit.* Ay, so he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one should be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: what Good do they do? nothing but run in our Debts, and lie with our Wives—

4 *Cit.* Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at home, no more mine than *Rome's* mine: They are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids*; and I'm an honest, black, tawny, Kettle-fac'd Fellow.—I'll ha' no Lords.—

[*Drums and Trumpets.*]

1 *Cit.* Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you sure you roar out for a *Marius*; and do as much Mischief as you can.—

*Enter Marius Senior and his Sons; Marius borne upon the Shoulders of two Roman Slaves; Sulpitius at the Head of the Guards.* [*Trumpets.*]

*Sulp.* Hearken, ye Men of *Rome*; I, I *Sulpitius*, Your Tribune, and Protector of your Freedom, By Virtue of that Office, here have call'd you To chuse a Consul. *Mithridates* King of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,

Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,  
And threatens *Rome* it self. Whom will you chuse  
To lead you forth in this most glorious War?  
*Marius*, or *Sylla*?

All *Cit.* A *Marius*! a *Marius*! a *Marius*!

*Mar.*

*Mar. Sen.* Countrymen,  
And Fellow-Citizens, my Brethren all,  
Or, if it may be thought a dearer Name,  
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;  
I come not hither arm'd, to force your Suffrage,  
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Pow'r,  
As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country;  
I have not made a Party in the Senate,  
To bring you into Slavery, or load  
Your Necks with the hard Yoke of lordly Pow'r.  
I am no Noble, but a Free-born Man,  
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,  
A Lover of your Liberties, and Laws,  
Your Rights and Privileges. Witness here  
These Wounds, which in your Service I have got,  
And best plead for me——

*All Cit. Marius! Marius! Marius! No Sylla! no  
Sylla! no Sylla!*

*Sulp.* No more remains——

Most honourable Consul, but that straight you mount  
The Seat 'Tribunal—Lictors, bring your Rods,  
Axes, and Fasces, and present 'm here.  
Hail, *Caius Marius*, Consul of the War.

*Trumpet. Enter Metellus, Cinna, Antonius, Quintus  
Pompeius, his Son, &c. Guards.*

*Met. Sec.* Romans, there the Ruin of your Freedom,  
The blazing Meteor that bodes Ill to *Rome*;  
Oppression, Tyranny, Avarice, and Pride,  
All centre in that melancholick Brow.  
If you are mad for Slav'ry, long to try  
The Weight of abs'lute Chains, once more proclaim him,  
And shout so loud till *Mithridates* hear,  
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.  
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag

Us

Us headlong to the *Tyber*——plunge us in,  
 And bid adieu to Liberty for ever——  
 Then turn, and fall before your new-made God;  
 Bring your Estates, your Children, and your Wives,  
 And lay 'em at the Feet of his Ambition.  
 This you must do; and well it will become  
 Such Slaves, who sell their Charters for a Holy-day.

*Cit.* No *Marius*! no *Marius*!

*Met.* *Quintus Pompeius*, in the Senate's Name,  
 As Consul, we command thee to demand  
 Justice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

*Q. Pomp.* Descend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State  
 And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.

*Mar. Sen.* Now, by the Gods, this Cause is worthy of me,  
 Worthy my Fate.

Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,  
 To pull its lawful Consul from his Seat,  
 Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitor?  
 Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends;  
*Sulpicius*, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall  
 Like common Dross, with that well-spoken Fool,  
 That popular Clack; or let us sell our Fates  
 So dear, that *Rome* may sicken with our Fall.

*All Cit.* No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Down with him,  
 down with him——

*Sulp.* Ha! what art thou?

*Y. Pomp.* The Consul's Son.

*Sulp.* A Worm;

A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee  
 Into thy Mother Earth——

[*Kills him.*]

*Mar. Sen.* Drag hence that Traitor,  
 And bring me straight his Head upon thy Dart;  
 The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

*Q. Pomp.*



*Q. Pomp.* Our Children murder'd,  
Thus massacred before our Eyes! Come all  
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loss.

*Sulp.* Fall on.

*All Cit.* No *Marius*! no *Marius*! Liberty! Liberty! &c.

[*They fight; Marius conquers.*]

*Mar. Sen.* Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods!  
These Slaves,

These wide-mouth'd Brutes, that halloo thus for Freedom,  
Oh! how they ran before the Hand of Pow'r,  
Flying for Shelter into ev'ry Brake!  
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep, they break their Herd,  
When the Wolf's out, and ranging for his Prey.  
*Sulpicius*, thy Guards did noble Service.

*Sulp.* Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,  
Fit for the Work of Power: say the Word,  
Not one amongst 'em all but what shall run,  
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,  
And shake his Head off from his shrinking Shoulders.

*Mar. Sen.* *Sylla*, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*,  
Proclaim straight Liberty to ev'ry Slave  
That will but own the Cause of *Caius Marius*.  
Horror, Confusion, and inverted Order,  
Vast Desolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruin,  
Must have their Courses, ere this Ferment settle.

• Thus the great *Jove* above, who rules alone,  
• When Men forget his God-like Pow'r to own,  
• Uses no common Means, no common Ways,  
• But sends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



## A C T. III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Sulpitius, Granius, and all the Guards.*

*Sulp.* **R**ome never saw a Morning sure like this:  
Now she begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;  
Her wanton Blood can smart.  
Were I the Consul, not a Head in Rome,  
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, should stand safe.

*Gran.* Slaughter should have continu'd with the Day,  
Mercy but gives Sedition Time to rally.  
Ev'ry soft, pliant, talking, busy Rogue,  
Gath'ring a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,  
Can preach up new Rebellion. Till the Heads  
Of all those heav'nly-inspir'd Knaves be crush'd,  
No Power can be safe——

*Sulp.* Much will this Day  
Determine; *Sylla's* now before the Walls,  
And all his Forces ready for Command.  
Four thousand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,  
And come on Proclamation to our side.

*Gran.* Where should my Brother be? He came not home  
To-night.

*Sulp.* Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,  
Stabb'd with an Eye, run thro' the Brains with Love,

*Gran.* He talk'd of sending *Sylla* a Defiance.

*Sulp.* Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid's* Quill.

*Gran.* Why, what is *Sylla*?

*Sulp.* A most courageous Captain at a Congée;  
He fights by Measure, as your Artists sing;  
Keeps Distance, Time, Proportion; rests his Rests,

One

One, two, and the third in your Guts.

Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

*Gran.* Would I could see my Brother. That damn'd Love  
Of Women ruins noblest Purposes.

*Sulp.* That Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made.  
They are the false deceitful Glasses, where  
We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes  
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?  
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,  
And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,  
Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Priest,  
Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,  
Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn:  
Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge  
Put on false Hair, and paint: And after all,  
Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,  
She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest,  
Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.  
I wonder he delays so long.

*Gran.* He comes;

And with him too my Brother.

*Sulp.* See your General.

Salute him all my Fellow-Soldiers.

[Shout.

*Enter Marius Senior, and Marius Junior.*

*Mar. Sen.* This,

*Sulpitius*, looks like Power. *Graninus*, here  
Receive thy Brother to thy Arms, and bless him:  
He's done a thing most worthy of our Name,  
Sent a Defiance into *Sylla's* Camp,  
Challenging forth the stoutest Champion there,  
In Vindication of his Father's Cause;  
And not an Outlaw there dare send his Answer.  
Once more, *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,  
Enrag'd with *Sylla's* coming arm'd, to force  
The City: At the *Celimontane* Gate

He's

He's posted now; let's send him strait Commands,  
 I'th' Name o'th' Senate and the *Roman* People,  
 T'advance no farther, till the State of *Rome*  
 Be heard in publick, and my Choice confirm'd,  
 Or he continu'd Consul——

*Sulp.* That would be  
 But to prolong Necessity; for *Rome*  
 Must bleed: And since the Rabble now is ours,  
 Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,  
 Spread false Reports o'th' Senate, working up  
 Their Madness to a Fury quick and desp'rate,  
 Till they run headlong into civil Discords,  
 And do our Business with their own Destruction.

*Granius*, go thou,  
 Send Word to *Sylla*, that he lay down Arms,  
 And render up himself to *Rome*.

*Mar. Jun.* There's still  
 A dang'rous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain,  
*Cinna*, who's rais'd his Fortune by the Jars  
 And Discords of his Country: like a Fly  
 O'er Flesh, he buzzes about itching Ears,  
 Till he has vented his Infection there,  
 To fester into Rancour and Sedition.  
 Would he were safe!

*Mar. Sen.* And safe he shall be: let him be proscrib'd;  
 The Fine upon his Head, its Weight in Gold.  
 Wou'd I could buy *Metellus's* as cheap.  
 I have a tender Foolishness within me,  
 May sometimes get the better of my Rage.  
*Sulpitius*, therefore keep me warm, still ply  
 My ebbing Fury with the Thought of *Sylla*,  
 Th'ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus's* Pride;  
 And let not any thing may make me dreadful  
 Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's hasten,  
 And wait for *Sylla's* Answer at our Arms.

[*Ex. Mar. Sen. and Granius*  
*Sulp.*



*Sulp.* Is not this better now than whining Love?  
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,  
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friends Delight.

*Enter Nurse and Clodius.*

*Mar. Jun. Sulpitius*, what comes here? a Sail, *Sulpitius*.

*Sulp.* A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.  
Many a boist'rous Storm has she been toss'd in,  
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.

*Nurse.* Clodius.

*Clod.* Madam.

*Sulp.* Madam!

*Nurse.* My Fan, *Clodius*.

*Sulp.* Ay, good *Clodius*, to hide her Face.

*Nurse.* Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

*Sulp.* Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

*Sulp.* It should be so by your Ladyship's parch'd Face.

*Nurse.* Marry come up, my Gossip: Whose Man are you?

*Sulp.* A Woman's Man, my *Sybil*: would'st thou try  
My Strength in Feats of am'rous Engagement,  
Lead me among the Beauteous, where they run  
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their Wildness,  
Where I may chuse the foremost of the Herd,  
And bear her trembling to some Bank, bedeck'd  
With sweetest Flowers, such as Joy would chuse  
To dwell in; throw m'inspir'd Arms about her,  
And press her, till she thought her self more bless'd  
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove*.

*Nurse.* Panting! Joys! and *Jove*! Now by my Troth  
'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell  
where I may find young *Marius*?

*Mar. Jun.* Yes, I can tell you, Madam; I am he.

*Sulp.* Hah! by this Light, a Bawd. So ho!

Come, let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,

That stinks of last Night's Office—— [Exit. *Sulp.*

*Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Pray, Sir, what saucy Fellow's he that's gone?

*Mar. Jun.* A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a Minute than he'll stand to in a Month.

*Nurse.* An he speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such *Jacks*, or I'll find those that shall. But now, Sir, I wish you much Joy——I hear you are——

*Mar. Jun.* Marry'd; this Day the blessed Deed was done, When the unhappy Discords first took Flame Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then A holy Priest of *Hymen*, whom with Gold I brib'd to yield us privately his Office, Join'd our kind Hands, and now she's ever mine.

*Nurse.* Well; 'fore God, I am so vex'd, that ev'ry Part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a Word: and, as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What she bade me say, I'll keep to my self. But first let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradise, as they say; for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal doubly with her, tho' you don't look like a Gentleman that would use double-dealing with a Lady—

*Mar. Jun.* Commend me to thy Lady. I protest——

*Nurse.* Good Heart, and i' faith, I will tell as much. Lord! Lord! she will be a joyful Woman.

*Mar. Jun.* Bid her devise this Evening to receive Me at her Window: Here is for thy Pains——

[Gives Money]

*Nurse.* No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

*Mar. Jun.* Away; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This Evening, say you? well, she shall be there.

*Mar. Jun.* And stay, kind Nurse, behind the Garden-wall. Within this Hour my Man shall meet thee there; And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder, Which to the blessed Mansion of my Joy

Mus

Must be my Conduct in the secret Night.

Farewel—be true, and I'll reward thy Pains.

*Nurse.* Now Heav'ns blefs thee—Hark you, Sir.

*Mar. Jun.* What say'st thou, Nurse?

*Nurse.* Nothing, but that my Mistress is the sweetest Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—Oh!—there's a Spark, one *Sylla*, that would fain have a Finger in the Pye—but she, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the proper Man—But I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in the verfal World. Well, you'll be sure to come.—

*Mar. Jun.* As sure as Truth.

*Nurse.* Well; when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it would so kick, so sprawl, and so play——and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play again. When it had Tickling and Playing enough, it would go to sleep as gentle as a Lamb. I shall never forget it.—Then you'll be sure to come.—

*Mar. Jun.* Can I forget to live?

*Nurse.* Nay, but swear though.

*Mar. Jun.* By this Kiss, which thou shalt carry to *Lavinia*.

*Nurse.* Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you shall not. I have been drinking *Aqua Vita*. Oh! those Eyes of yours!

*Mar. Jun.* Till Night farewel.—

*Nurse.* Till Night; I'll say no more, but da, da. Come,  
*Clodius.* Ah! those Eyes. [Ex. *Nurse* and *Clodius*.

*Mar. Jun.* What Pains she takes with her officious Folly?  
How happy is the Ev'ning-Tide of Life,  
When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions, trifling out  
The feeble Remnant of our silly Days  
In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with,  
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares  
That toils the active, thoughtful, busy Mind!  
Tho' this Day be the dearest of my Life,

There's

There's something hangs most heavy on my Heart,  
And my Brain's sick with Dulness.

*Enter Marius Senior.*

*Mar. Sen.* Where's this Loit'rer,  
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*?  
With folded Arms and down-cast Eyes he stands,  
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

*Mar. Jun.* My Father!

*Mar. Sen.* Call me by some other Name;  
Disgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;  
And surely *Marius* has small Right in thee.  
Would *Sylla's* Soul were thine, and thine were his;  
That he, as thou hast done, now Glory calls,  
Might run for Shelter to a Woman's Arms,  
And hide him in her Bosom, like a Babe.

*Mar. Jun.* Then I'm a Coward?

*Mar. Sen.* Art thou not?

*Mar. Jun.* I am,  
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.  
Durst any Man but you have call'd me so?  
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiss your Feet.  
You've rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart  
To such a Work as Fame ne'er talk'd of yet.  
How'll you dispose *Lavinia*?

*Mar. Sen.* Let her fall,  
As I would all her Family and Name,  
Forgotten that they either ever gave  
Thy Father's Head Dishonour, or thee Pain.

*Mar. Jun.* 'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's scarce more  
*Metellus'* Daughter now than yours; our Hands  
Were by a Priest this Morning join'd. May Heav'n  
Avert th' ill Omen, and preserve my Father!

*Mar. Sen.* Marry'd! say ruin'd, lost, and curst.



*Mar. Jun.* You've torn  
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom. —

*Mar. Sen.* Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd,  
Go farthest from me, get thee to *Metellus*,  
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.  
I've yet one Son, that surely won't forsake me:  
Else in this Breast I shall have glorious Thoughts,  
That will at least give Lustre to my Ruin.  
Farewel, my once best Hopes, now greatest Shame.

*Mar. Jun.* Condemn me rather to the worst of Deaths,  
Or send me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,  
Than banish me the Blessing of y<sup>r</sup> ur Presence;  
I've thought, and bounded all my Wishes so,  
To die for you is Happiness enough;  
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.

*Mar. Sen.* Again *Lavinia*?

*Mar. Jun.* Yes; this Coward Slave,  
This most inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,  
Tho' wedded to the brightest Beauty, rais'd  
To th'highest Expectation of Delight,  
W'n in this Minute, when Love prompts his Heart,  
And tells what mighty Pleasures are preparing,  
A Master of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

*Mar. Sen.* What canst thou do?

*Mar. Jun.* This Night I should have gone,  
And ta'en Possession of *Lavinia's* Bed;  
But, by the Gods, these Eyes no more shall see her,  
Till I've done something that's above Reward,  
And you your self present her to my Arms.

*Mar. Sen.* Why dost thou talk thus to me?

*Mar. Jun.* Hark!

[*Trumpets.*

The Trumpets sound, and Business is at hand.  
It seems as if our Guards upon the Walls  
Were just engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.  
The Gods have done me Justice.

*Mar. Sen.* Get thee gone,  
And leave me to my Fate,  
Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

*Mar. Jun.* I'll follow you —

*Mar. Sen.* Thou shalt not.

*Mar. Jun.* By the Gods I will.

*Mar. Sen.* How! disobey'd then?

*Mar. Jun.* Bid a Courser spurr'd  
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,  
Or sailing Ships stand still before the Wind,  
Or Winds themselves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.

*Mar. Sen.* Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

*Mar. Jun.* Why, would you kill me?

*Mar. Sen.* No, no: I hope thou art reserv'd yet for  
A better Fate.

*Mar. Jun.* Thanks, Heav'n!

These few kind Words shew I'm not quite unhappy.

*Mar. Sen.* Then do not contradict my Will in this;  
But part, and when our Hands next meet again,  
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus* —

[Exit

[Trumpets again

*Mar. Jun.* Sound higher, ye shrill Instruments of War,  
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,  
If possible, as terrible as mine.  
Oh my *Lavinia*! tho' this Night I fall,  
At my Return I shall be doubly happy.  
Such Trials the great ancient Heroes past,  
Who little present Happiness could taste,  
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at last. [Exit

SCENE



SCENE II. Metellus's House.

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lav.* **G**allop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,  
Tow'rds *Phæbus*' Lodging. Such a Charioteer  
As *Phæton* would lash you to the West,  
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.  
Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night,  
Thou sober-suited Matron all in Black;  
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*  
Leap to these Arms untalk'd of and unseen.  
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little Stars;  
And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,  
That all the World shall grow in love with Night,  
And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun.  
Oh! I have bought the Mansion of a Love,  
But not possess'd it—Tedious is this Day,  
As is the Night before some Festival  
To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

*Enter Nurse and Clodius,*

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurse: what News?  
How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius*?

*Nurse.* Oh! a Chair! a Chair! No Questions, but a  
Chair! So.

*Lav.* Nay, pr'ythee, Nurse, why dost thou look so sad?  
Oh! do not spoil the Musick of good Tidings  
With such a melancholick wretched Face.

*Nurse.* Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my  
Cordial-Bottle. Fic! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt  
have I had!

*Lav.* Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,  
Will *Marius* come to-night? Speak, will he come?

*Nurse.* Alas! alas! what Haste? Oh! cannot you stay  
a little? Oh! do not you see that I'm out of Breath! Oh  
this Phthysick! *Clodius*, the Cordial.

*Lav.* Th'Excuse thou mak'st for this unkind Delay,  
Is longer than the Tale thou hast to tell.  
Is thy News good or bad? answer to that,  
Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance.

*Nurse.* Well; you have made a simple Choice: you  
know not how to chuse a Man. Yet his Leg excels all Men  
And for a Hand, and a Foot, and a Shape, tho' they are  
not to be talk'd of—yet they are past Compare. What  
have you din'd within?

*Lav.* No, no: what foolish Questions dost thou ask?  
What says he of his coming? what of that?

*Nurse.* Oh! how my Head akes! what a Head have I  
It beats as it would fall in twenty Pieces.  
My Back, o't'other side! ah! my Back! my Back!  
Beswore your Heart, for sending me about  
To catch my Death. This Back of mine will break.

[Drinks]

*Lav.* Indeed I'm sorry if thou art not well;  
But pr'ythee tell me, *Nurse*, what says my Love?

*Nurse.* Why, your Love says like an honest Gentleman  
and a kind Gentleman, and a handsome—and I'll warrant  
a virtuous Gentleman. [Drinks.] Well;—what? Where's  
your Father?

*Lav.* Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.  
How oddly thou reply'st!

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman;  
Where's your Father?

*Nurse.* Oh good Lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow.



Is this a Poultrice for my aking Bones?

Henceforward do your Messages your self.

*Lav.* Nay, pr'ythee be not angry. Nurse, I meant No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

*Nurse.* Will he! will a Duck swim?

*Lav.* Then he will come.

*Nurse.* Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go get you in, and say your Prayers: Go.

*Lav.* For Blessings on my *Marius* and thee.

*Nurse.* Well, it would be a sad thing, tho'——

*Lav.* What?

*Nurse.* If *Marius* should not come now—for there's old Doings at the Gates; they are at it ding dong. Tantarara go the Trumpets; Shout cry the Soldiers; Clatter go the Swords. I'll warrant—I made no small Haste——

*Lav.* And is my *Marius* there? Alas, my Fears!

[Trumpets.

The Noise comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods, Or strike me with your Thunder when he falls. [Exeunt.



SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter *Marius Senior*, *Marius Junior*, *Granius*, *Sulpitius*, *Catulus*, &c. *Guards*; *Lictors*, on one side: *Metellus*, *Sylla*, *Quintus Pompeius*, *Guards*, on the other.

[Trumpets sound a March.

*Met.* Oh thou God,  
Deliverer of *Rome*, most blest of Men!  
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country  
Prostrate for Refuge at thy Feet: See there  
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,

The Persecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge  
Of Truth and Justice, and the Plague of *Rome*.

*Mar. Sen.* What art thou, that canst lend thy slavish Ears  
To flatter'ing Hypocrisy?

*Sylla.* My Name thou'st heard,  
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,  
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe. (thus arm'd,

*Mar. Sen.* If thou'rt her Friend, why com'st thou here  
Slaught'ring her Citizens, and laying waste her Walls?

*Sylla.* To free her from a Tyrant's Pow'r.

*Mar. Sen.* Who is that Tyrant?

*Sylla.* Thou, who hast oppress'd  
Her Senate, made thy self by Force a Consul,  
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em 'gainst her Laws.

*Mar. Sen.* Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my  
Have I oppress'd you? have I forc'd your Laws? (Wrongs.  
Am I a Tyrant? I, whom ye have rais'd,  
For my true Services, to what I am?

Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;  
Remember the confed'rate War.

*Sylla.* Where thou,  
Cold and delaying, wert by *Silo* brav'd,  
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at last compell'd  
Ingloriously to quit th'unwieldy Charge.  
Remember too who banish'd good *Metellus*,  
The Friend and Parent of thy obscure Family,  
That rais'd thee from a Peasant to a Lord.

*Mar. Sen.* Basely thou wrong'st the Truth. My Actions  
rais'd me.

Hadst thou been born a Peasant, still thou'dst been so:  
But I, by Service to my Country, 've made  
My Name, renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

*Sylla.* In the *Jugurthine* War, whose King was ta'en  
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumph'd for't.

*Mar. Sen.* Thou stol'st him basely; stol'st him at the Price  
Of his Wife's Lust: Thou barter'dst his Betraying,  
And in the Capitol hast Pageants set  
In Mem'ry of thy Vanity and Shame.

*Sylla.* Thy Shame.

*Mar. Sen.* My Honour, proud presumptuous Boy,  
Who would'st be gaudy in an unfit Dress,  
And wear my cast-off Glories after me.

*Sylla.* I'd rather wear some Beggar's rotten Rags,  
By him left dangling on a Highway-hedge,  
Than soil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,  
Thou scorn'd Plebeian.

*Mar. Sen.* Worst Perdition catch thee.

*Sylla.* Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy Heels,  
And yield thy self to Justice and the Senate.

*Mar. Sen.* Justice from thee demanded on my Head?  
First clear thy self, quit thy usurp'd Command:  
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou hast wrong'd.

*Sylla.* Upon thy Neck I would.

*Mar. Sen.* As soon thou'dst take  
A Lion by the Beard: Thou dar'st not think on't.

*Sylla.* I dare, and more.

*Mar. Sen.* Then, Gods, I take your Word;  
If there be Truth in you, I shall not fall  
This Day. My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, now  
Fight as I've seen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,  
Leave it to me; for much Revenge must go  
Along with Death, when such a Victim bleeds.

*Sylla.* My Lords, withdraw.

*Met.* No; trust the Gods, I'll see  
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.

*Mar. Sen.* Now, *Sylla*.

*Sylla.* Now, my Veterans, consider,  
You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.

*Mar. Sen.* Rebellion never wanted that Pretence,  
 Thou Shadow of what I've been; thou Puppet  
 Of that great State and Honours I have borne;  
 If thou'lt do something worthy of thy Place,  
 Let's join our Battle with a Force may glut  
 The Throat of Death, and choak him with himself;  
 As fiercely as destroying Whirlwinds rise,  
 Or as Clouds dash when Thunder shakes the Skies.

[*Trumpets sound a Charge; they fight.*]

*Re-enter Marius Senior, taken by Sylla's Party.*

*Mar. Sen.* Forsaken, and a Prisoner! Is this all  
 That's left of *Marius*? The old naked Trunk  
 Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,  
 Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,  
 But let me run into the Jaws of Death,  
 And finish my ill Fate. Or must I be  
 Preserv'd a publick Spectacle, expos'd  
 To Scorn, and made a Holiday for Slaves?  
 Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I should know thy Face:  
 Thou hast borne Office under me. If e'er  
 In my best Fortune I deserv'd thy Friendship,  
 Give me a *Roman's* Death, and set me free,  
 That no Dishonour in my Age o'ertake me.

*Off.* I've serv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I see  
 Your Fall——My Orders were, to save your Life.

*Mar. Sen.* Thou'rt a Time-server, that canst flatter Misery.

*Enter Marius Junior, Granius, and Sulpitius, Prisoners.*

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius*?

*Sulp.* Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now must I  
 Be Food for Crows, and stink upon a Tree,  
 Whilst Coxcombs stroul abroad on Holidays



To take the Air, and see me rot. A Pox  
On Fortune, and a Pox on that first Fool  
That taught the World Ambition.

*Enter Quintus Pompeius, four Lictors before him.*

*Q. Pomp.* Draw near,  
Ye Men of Rome, and hear the Law pronounc'd.  
Thou, *Marius*, whose Ambition and whose Pride  
Have cost so many Lives, the first that e'er  
Wag'd Civil Wars in Rome, thee and thy Sons,  
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave,  
And Minister of all thy Outrages,  
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Banishment's your Lot;  
After to morrow's Dawn, if found i'th City,  
Death be your Doom: So hath the Senate said:  
So flourish Peace and Liberty in Rome.

*[Ex. Q. Pompeius, Lictors crying Liberty.]*

*Mar. Sen.* I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,  
For plaguing me above all other Men.

Come, ye young Heroes, kneel, and praise the Heav'ns,  
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!  
What pleasant Game has Fortune play'd to-day?

Oh! I could burst with Laughter. Why, now Rome's  
At Peace. But may it be as short and vain  
As Joys but dreamt of, or as sick Mens Slumbers.

Now let's take Hands, and, bending to the Earth,  
To all th'infernal Powers let us swear.

*All.* We swear.

*Mar. Sen.* That's well: By all the Destinies,  
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait

About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,  
We'll bring Destruction to this cursed City;

Let nor one Stone of all her Tow'rs stand safe.

*Mar. Jun.* Let not her Temples nor her Gods escape.

*Gra.* Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces perish.

*Mar. Sen.* Her young Men massacred.

*Sulp.* Her Virgins ravish'd.

*Mar. Jun.* And let her Lovers all my Torments feel;  
Doating like me, and like me banished.

Thus let em curse, thus raving tear their Hair,  
And fall upon the Ground, as I do now.

*Mar. Sen.* Rise then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's  
Thy own.

*Mar. Jun.* And ever after Pain and Sorrow.  
But go thou, find *Lavinia's* Woman out — [*To his Servant.*  
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love;  
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy  
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

*Mar. Sen.* Thus then let's part; each take his sev'ral way,  
As to a Task of Darknefs: When we meet  
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,  
And see what Mischief each has gather'd then.  
For, *Rome*, I shall be yet once more thy Lord,  
If Oracles have Truth, and Augurs lye not.  
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields  
Playing, I sev'n young Eagles chanc'd to find;  
Which gath'ring up, I to my Parents bore.  
The Gods were sought, who promis'd me from thence  
As many times the Consulate in *Rome*.  
Six times already I've that Office bore;  
And so far has the Prophecy prov'd true.  
But if I've manag'd ill the Time that's past,  
And too remis'd six elder Fortunes lost,  
The youngest Darling-Fate is yet to come,  
And thou shalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Garden.*
*Enter Lavinia and Marius Junior.*

*Lav.* **W**ilt thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.  
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful Hollow of thy Ear.  
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree she sings.  
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

*Mar. Jun.* Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,  
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks  
Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.  
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily drest,  
Whilst all the Birds bring Musick to his Levée.  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die —

*Lav.* Oh! Oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!  
Sure, giving thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt  
To pay, till, Bankrupt-like, it broke; whilst I,  
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd  
To take a Mite for endless Sums of Joy.

*Mar. Jun.* Let me be taken, let me suffer Death,  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so —  
By Heav'n, yon Grey is not the Morning's Eye,  
But the Reflexion of pale *Cynthia's* Brightness;  
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whose Notes do beat  
So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n.  
I'm all Desire to stay, no Will to go.  
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: It is not Day.

*Lav.* Oh! it is, it is—Fly hence away, my *Marius*,  
It is the Lark, and out of Tune she sings,

With grating Discords, and unpleasing Strainings.  
 Some say the Lark and loathsome Toad change Eyes:  
 Now I could wish they had chang'd Voices too;  
 Or that a Lethargy had seiz'd the Morning,  
 And she had slept, and never wak'd again,  
 To part me from th'Embraces of my Love.  
 What shall become of me when thou art gone?

*Mar. Jun.* The Gods that heard our Vows; and know our  
 Seeing my Faith, and thy unspotted Truth, (Loves,  
 Will sure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.  
 Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em ev'ry Day,  
 How my *Lavinia* does: And ev'ry Night,  
 In the severe Distresses of my Fate,  
 As I perhaps shall wander thro' the Desert,  
 And want a Place to rest my weary Head on,  
 I'll count the Stars, and blest 'em as they shine,  
 And court them all for my *Lavinia's* Safety.

*Lav.* Oh Banishment, eternal Banishment!  
 Ne'er to return! must we ne'er meet again?  
 My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought,  
 And live. Could I but see to th'End of Woe,  
 There were some Comfort—but eternal Torment  
 Is ever insupportable to Thought.  
 It cannot be that we shall part for ever.

*Mar. Jun.* No, for my Banishment may be recall'd;  
 My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:  
 Then shall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,  
 Whilst happiest Men shall envy at the Blessings,  
 And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

*Lav.* If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,  
 When left alone, to yield to *Sylla's* Claim,  
 Defenceless as I am, and thou far from me;  
 If, as I must, I rather die than suffer't,  
 What a sad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?  
 I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,  
 Or say, or do. I cannot let thee go.

*Mar.*



*Mar. Jun.* A thousand things would, to this Purpose said,  
But sharpen and add Weight to Sorrow.

Oh, my *Lavinia*! if my Heart e'er stray, [Kneels.  
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,  
If I live not entirely, only thine,  
In that curst Moment when my Soul forsakes thee,  
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,  
T'adorn the Triumph of my basest Foe.

*Lav.* And if I live not faithful to the Lord  
Of my first Vows, my dearest only *Marinus*,  
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,  
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,  
Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,  
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or some worse Fate, destroy me,  
And not one Tree vouchsafe a Leaf to hide me.

*Mar. Jun.* What needs all this?—

*Lav.* Oh! I could find out things  
To talk to thee for ever.

*Mar. Jun.* Weep not; the Time  
We had to stay together has been employ'd  
In richest Love ———

*Lav.* We ought to summon all  
The Spirit of soft Passion up, to cheer  
Our Hearts, thus lab'ring with the Pangs of parting.  
Oh, my poor *Marinus*!

*Mar. Jun.* Ah, my kind *Lavinia*!

*Lav.* But dost thou think we e'er shall meet again?

*Mar. Jun.* I doubt it not; and all these Woes shall serve  
For sweet Discourses in our Time to come.

*Lav.* Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;  
I think I see thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,  
As a stark Ghost, with Horror in thy Visage.  
When my Eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Mar. Jun.* And, trust me, Love, in my Eye so dost thou.  
Sorrow drinks our Blood ——— Farewel.

*Lav.* Farewel then.

[Exit *Mar. Jun.*

*Nurse*

*Mar.*

*Nurse within.]* Madam.

*Lav.* My Nurse.

*Nurse within.]* Your Father's up, and Day-light broke  
Be wary, look about you—— (abroad.

*Lav.* Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,  
I must hear from thee ev'ry Hour i' th' Day;  
For absent Minutes seem as many Days.  
Oh! by this Reck'ning I shall be most old,  
Ere I again behold my *Marius*. Nay,  
Gone too already: 'Twas unkindly done.  
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,  
Not a third Part of its fond jealous Fears:  
But I'll pursue him for't, and be reveng'd;  
Hang such a tender Tale about his Heart,  
Shall make it tingle as his Life were stung:  
Nay too—I'll love him; never, never leave him;  
Fond as a Child, and resolute as Man. [*Exit Lavinia*]

*Enter Metellus musing.*

*Met.* *Sylla* this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,  
To head that Army. *Cinna* must be Consul —  
Ay, *Cinna* must be. He's a busy Fellow,  
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble;  
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the dearest Point.  
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.  
A hundred Horse are in Pursuit to find him:  
And if they catch him, his Head's safe, that's certain—  
*Octavius* will be th'other——Be it so.  
An honest, simple, downright-dealing Lord:  
A little too religious; that's his Fault.

*Enter a Servant.*

What now?

*Serv.* A Letter left you by a Lic'tor,  
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

*Met.*

*Metellus reads the Letter:*

**B**Lame not, Sir, my parting  
So suddenly: Just now I've had Advice  
Of some Disturbance in the Camp of Capua.  
Commend my tender'st Faith to fair Lavinia:  
You're Sylla's Advocate with her and Rome.

*Enter Nurse.*

Well, Nurse.

Nurse. My Lord.

Met. How does my Daughter?

Nurse. Truly very ill:

She has not slept a Wink:

Nothing but toss'd and tumbled all this Night;

I left her just now slumb'ring.

This Lord Sylla does so run in her Head.

Met. Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurse!

Nurse. Were he?

Why, she thinks of nothing else, talks of nothing else,  
dreams of nothing else. She would needs have me lie  
with her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll swear it  
wak'd me out of a sweet Nap) she takes me fast in her  
Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord Sylla! But are you, will  
you be true? Then sigh'd, and stretch'd — I swear I  
was half afraid.

Met. She's strangely alter'd then.

This Morning two new Consuls must be chosen.

If they are true, those Tidings thou hast brought me,

Wait while she wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleasure,

At my Return from th'Forum that I see her —

[Exit Metellus.]

Nurse. So, so! — here will be sweet Doings in time.

How many hundred Lyes a Day must I tell, to keep this  
Family at Peace?

*Enter Lavinia.*

Lav. Oh Nurse! where art thou? Is my Father gone?

Nurse.

*Nurse.* Gone? yes; and I would I were gone too.

*Lav.* Why dost thou sigh? What Cause hast thou to wish  
Wert thou distressed, unfortunate as I am, (so?)  
Thou hadst then Cause.

What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I!  
I walk methinks as half of me were lost:  
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,  
And fain would find a Hole to hide my Head in.

*Nurse.* Odds my Boddikins! but why thus drest, Madam?  
Why in this Pickle, say you now?

*Lav.* Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppose me;  
For I am desp'rate, and resolv'd to Death.  
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dress,  
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,  
Forake deserted Rome, and find my *Marius*.

*Nurse.* And I must stay behind to be hang'd up, like  
an old Polecat in a Warren, for a Warning to all Vermin  
that shall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for  
a Week, till this were over.

*Lav.* This Morning's Opportunity is fair,  
When all are busy in electing Consuls;  
I shall escape unseen without the Gates,  
And this Night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

*Nurse.* I dare not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You  
shan't stir. Nay, I'll raise the House first. Why *Clodius*!  
*Catulus*! *Sempronia*! *Thesbia*! Men and Maids, where  
are you? Oh! Oh! Oh!——

[*Lav.* gets from her. *Nurse* falls down. Exit *Lav.*

Enter *Clodius*.

*Clod.* What's the Matter, Mistress?

*Nurse.* Oh, *Clody*, *Clody*, dear *Clody*! is't thee, my dear  
*Clody*? Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the  
*Forum* presently; tell him his Treasury is robb'd, his House  
afire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You  
not run. Oh! Oh! [Exit *Nurse*]

SCENE



SCENE changes to the Country.

*Enter several Herdsmen belonging to Marius.*

1 Herdsf. Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 Herdsf. News, quoth-a? Trim News, truly.

1 Herdsf. Why, they say our Lord and Master's stept a fine side. Is there any thing in't, I trow?

2 Herdsf. Any thing in't? alas-a-day! alas-a-day! sad Times! sad Times, Brother! not a Penny of Money stirring.

1 Herdsf. Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer stuck up her Tail eastward, and ran back into a new Quickset, which I had just made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 Herdsf. And the other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd a Tenement these seven Years, fell down, head and all, into the Porridge-pot, and spoil'd the Broth. sad Times! sad Times, Brother!

3 Herdsf. Did you meet no Troopers this way?

2 Herdsf. Troopers? I saw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood-side upon ragged hidebound Jades. I warrant they came for no goodness —

1 Herdsf. 'Twas to seek for Lord Marius, as sure as eggs be Eggs. These 'bitious Folk make more Stir in the World than a thousand Men. Would my Kine were in their Stalls.

*Enter several Soldiers in quest of Marius.*

1 Sold. This is the Way. How now, you Pack of Booby? whose Fools are you?

2 Herdsf. Why, we are such Fools as you are; any body's Fools that will pay us our Wages.

3 Sold. Do you belong to the Traitor Marius?

1 Herdsf.

1 *Herdsf.* We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worship.

1 *Sold.* Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, You are witty, and be hang'd, are you?

2 *Herdsf.* It's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be a Soldier.

2 *Sold.* Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 *Sold.* Hark you, you Dog, where's your Lord the Traitor *Marius*?

2 *Herdsf.* In a whole Skin, if he be wise. —

2 *Sold.* Where is he, you Pultroon?

2 *Herdsf.* Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you must needs know where he is, then I must needs tell you I don't know.

1 *Sold.* Let's to his House hard by, and ransack that Sirrah, if we miss of him, you may repent this.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

1 *Herdsf.* 'Tis all one to me, I must pay my Rent to somebody.

2 *Herdsf.* Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heaven keep me a Cow-keeper still — I say —

*Enter Marius Senior and Granus.*

*Mar. Sen.* Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium*?  
Lead me to yonder shady Poplar, where  
The poor old *Marius* a while may sit,  
And joy in Rest. Oh my distemper'd Head!  
The Sun has beat his Beams so hard upon me,  
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!  
Oh my tormented Skull! Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*  
Ha! what are those?

*Gran.* They seem, Sir, rural Swains,  
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath these Woods.

*Ma*

*Mar. Sen.* Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

*2 Herdsf.* We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they say he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

*Mar. Sen.* Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful Slaves! Are you so willing to disown your Master?

Who would have thought t'have found such Baseness here, Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,

As in her Virgin Nakedness untainted?

Confusion on ye, ye sordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one.*]

*2 Herdsf.* Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.

Just now a Troop of Murth'ers past this way,

And ask'd with Horror for the Traitor *Marius*.

By this time at *Salonium*, at your House,

They are in Search of you. Fly, fly, my Lord— [*Exit.*]

*Mar. Sen.* I shall be hounded up and down the World,

Now ev'ry Villain, that is Wretch enough

To take the Price of Blood, dreams of my Throat.

Help and support me till I reach the Wood,

Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.

Unfunder we may dodge our Fate, and lose her.

In some old hollow Tree, or o'ergrown Brake,

And rest my weary Limbs till Danger pass me.

[*Goes into the Wood.*]

*Enter Soldiers again.*

*1 Sold.* A thousand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy

many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*,

and 'tis too much for one:

*2 Sold.* Let's set this Wood

flaming, if you think he's here; and then

quickly you'll see th'old Drone crawl humming out.

*1 Sold.* Thou always lov'st to ride full Speed to Mischief.

There's no Consideration in thee. Look you, when I cut

Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation and

Decency

Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a slovenly Mur-  
ther done hand over head; a Man gets no Credit by it.

3 *Sold.* The Man that spoke last, spoke well. There-  
fore let us to yon adjacent Village, and sowse our selves  
in good *Falernium*——— [Ex *Soldiers.*

*Mar. Sen.* Oh Villains! not a Slave of those  
But has serv'd under me, has eat my Bread,  
And felt my Bounty—Drought! parching Drought!  
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboss'd?  
Oh! I could swallow Rivers. Earth, yield me Water!  
Or swallow *Marius* down where Springs first flow.

*Enter Marius Junior and Granius.*

*Mar. Jun.* My Father!

*Mar. Sen.* Oh my Sons!

*Mar. Jun.* Why thus forlorn! stretch'd on the Earth?

*Mar. Sen.* Oh! get me some Refreshment, cooling Herbs  
And Water to allay my rav'nous Thirst.  
I would not trouble you, if I had Strength;  
But I'm so faint, that all my Limbs are useless.  
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food?  
Must we then starve? No sure, the Birds will feed us.

*Mar. Jun.* Here stands a House on yonder Side o'th  
It seems the Mansion of some Man of Note: (Wood  
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

*Mar. Sen.* O my Sou's Comfort! do. Indeed I want it.  
I, who had once the Plenty of the Earth,  
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,  
And see who'll give a Morsel to poor *Marius*.  
Nay, I'll not starve; no, I'll plunge in Riot;  
Wallow in Plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.  
Give me that Goblet hither——Here's a Health  
To all the Knaves and Senators in Rome.

*Mar. Jun.* Repose your self a while, till we return



*Mar. Sen.* I will; but pr'ythee let me rave a little.

Go, pr'ythee go, and don't delay. I'll rest,

As thou shalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raise me.—

[*Ex. Mar. Jun.*]

*Enter Lavinia.*

Another Murth'rer? this brings smiling Fate:

A deadly Snake cloth'd in a dainty Skin.

*Lav.* I've wander'd up and down these Woods and Meadows,

Till I have lost my Way——

Against a tall, young, slender, well-grown Oak

Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark;

My *Marius* should not be far hence.

*Mar. Sen.* What art thou,

That dar'st to name that wretched Creature *Marius*?

*Lav.* Do not be angry, Sir; whate'er thou art,

I am a poor unhappy Woman, driv'n

By Fortune to pursue my banish'd Lord.

*Mar. Sen.* By thy dissembling Tone thou should'st be Woman,

And *Roman* too.

*Lav.* Indeed I am.

*Mar. Sen.* A *Roman*?

If thou art so, be gone, lest Rage with Strength

Assist my Vengeance, and I rise and kill thee.

*Lav.* My Father! is it you?

*Mar. Sen.* Now thou art Woman;

For Lyes are in thee. I? am I thy Father?

Ne'er was yet so curst: None of thy Sex

E'er sprung from me. My Off-spring all are Males,

The nobler sort of Beasts, entitled Men.

*Lav.* I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.

Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia's* Name in *Rome*,

That wedded with the Son of *Marius*?

*Mar.*

*Mar. Sen.* Hah! Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,  
That left her Father for a banish'd Husband?

Come near——

And let me bless thee, tho' thy Name's my Foe.

*Lav.* Alas! my Father, you seem much oppress'd:  
Your Lips are parch'd, blood-shot your Eyes and sunk,  
Will you partake such Fruits as I have gather'd?  
Taste, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both are  
Ripe and refreshing.

*Mar. Sen.* What! all this from thee,  
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have sent to aid me?  
I don't deserve thy Bounty.

*Lav.* Here, Sir, 's more.  
I found a Crystal Spring too in the Wood,  
And took some Water: 'tis most soft and cool.

*Mar. Sen.* An Emperor's Feast! but I shall rob thee.

*Lav.* No; I've eat, and slak'd my Thirst. But where's  
My Lord,  
My dearest *Marius*?

*Mar. Sen.* To the neighb'ring Village  
He's gone, to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

*Lav.* Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?  
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.  
But surely *Marius* can't be brought to Want:  
I've Gold and Jewels too, and they'll buy Food.

*Enter Marius Junior.*

*Mar. Sen.* See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have  
sent us.  
See thy *Lavinia*.

*Mar. Jun.* Hah! [They run and embrace]

*Mar. Sen.* What? dumb at Meeting?

*Mar. Jun.* Why weeps my Love?

*Lav.*

*Lav.* I cannot speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,  
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

*Mar. Jun.* Oh my Heart's Joy!

*Lav.* My Soul!

*Mar. Jun.* But hast thou left  
Thy Father's House, the Pomp and State of Rome,  
To follow Desert-Misery!

*Lav.* I come  
To bear a Part in ev'ry thing that's thine,  
Be't Happiness or Sorrow. In these Woods,  
Whilst from pursuing Enemies you're safe,  
I'll range about, and find the Fruits and Springs,  
Gather cool Sedges, Daffodils, and Lilies,  
And softest Camomile to make us Beds,  
Whereon my Love and I at Night will sleep,  
And dream of better Fortune.

*Enter Granius and Servant, with Wine and Meat.*

*Mar. Sen.* Yet more Plenty?

Sure *Comus*, the God of Feasting, haunts these Woods,  
And means to entertain us as his Guests.

*Serv.* I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,  
*Sextilius* the Prætor, to relieve thee,  
And warn thee that thou straight depart this Place;  
Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,  
And treat thee as the Foe of Rome.

*Mar. Sen.* But did he,  
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this?  
Was he too proud to come and see his Master,  
That rais'd him out of Nothing? Was he not  
My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shoes?  
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleasures watch'd,  
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?  
Durst he affront me with a sordid Alms,

And

And send a fauey Message by a Slave?

Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em.  
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

*Serv.* What Answer would you have me carry back?

*Mar. Sen.* Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen  
Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,  
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,  
Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,  
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. [*Ex. Serv.*  
How am I fallen! Musick?—Sure the Gods [*Soft Musick*  
Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

*Enter Martha.*

Well, what art thou?

*Marth.* Am I a Stranger to thee?

*Martha's* my Name, the Syrian Prophetess,  
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;  
Till banish'd out of *Rome*, for serving thee,  
I've ever since inhabited these Woods,  
And search'd the deepest Arts of wise Foreknowledge.

*Mar. Sen.* I know thee now most well. When thou  
wert gone,

All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,  
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,  
And promise Honour in the Day of Battle,  
Have since been seen no more. Ev'n Birds of Prey  
Forfake unhappy *Marius*: Men of Prey  
Pursue him still. Hast thou no Hopes in store?

*Marth.* A hundred Spirits wait upon my Will,  
To bring me Tidings from th'Earth's farthest Corners,  
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:  
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.  
The Consuls have had Blows, and *Cinna's* beaten;  
Who with his Army comes to find thee out.  
To lead him back with Terror to that City.



*Mar. Sen.* Speak on.

*Marth.* Nay, ere thou think'st it, he will be with thee.  
But let thy Sons and these fair Nymphs retire,  
Whilst I relieve thy weary'd Eyes with Sleep,  
And cheer thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

*Mar. Jun.* Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, we'll withdraw  
To some cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [Ex.

[*Martha waves her Wand—A Dance.*

*Mar. Sen.* O Rest, thou Stranger to my Senses, welcome.

*Enter Servant and a Russian.*

*Serv.* Ten *Attick* Talents shall be thy Reward,  
*Sextilius* gives 'em thee. Dispatch him safely.

*Russ.* Fear not, he never wakes again.

*Mar. Sen.* No more.

I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no.  
He dies, he dies. So, bear him to the *Tyber*,  
And plunge him to the Bottom. Hah, *Antonius*!  
Where are my Guards? Dispatch that talking Knave,  
That, when he should be doing publick Service,  
Consumes his Time in Speeches to the Rabble,  
And sows Sedition in a City. Down,  
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor.  
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,  
To *Rome's* Tribunal.

*Russ.* Now's the Time.

*Mar. Sen.* Stand off,

Secure that *Gaul*—Dar'st thou kill *Caius Marius*? [Wakes.  
Hah! speak, what art thou?

*Russ.* By *Sextilius* hir'd,

hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,  
And I'll for ever serve you at your Feet.

*Mar. Sen.* What barb'rous Slaves are these, that envy me  
The open Air; set Prices on my Head,  
As they would do on Wolves that slay their Flock!

D

*Enter*

*Enter Sulpitius.**[Trumpets.]*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where hast thou been wand'ring  
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

*Sulp.* Why, doing Mischief up and down the City,  
Picking up discontented Fools, belying  
The Senators and Government, destroying  
Faith amongst honest Men, and praising Knaves.

*Mar. Sen.* Oh, but where's *Cinna*?

*Sulp.* Ready to salute you. —

*Enter Cinna attended with Lictors and Guards.*

*Cin.* Romans, once more behold your Consul; see,  
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius*?

Advance yout Axes and your Rods before him,  
And give him all the Customs of his Honour. *(Marius.)*

*Mar. Sen.* Asway: such Poms become not wretched  
Here let me pay Obedience to my Consul  
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee  
And see how thy old Soldier will obey.

*Cin.* O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,  
To carry Desolation into Rome,  
And waste that Den of Monsters to the Earth.

*Mar. Sen.* Shall we?

*Cin.* We'll do't. That godly soothsaying Fool,  
That sacrificing Dolt, that Sot, *Octavius*,  
When we were chosen Consuls in the Forum,  
Disowned me for his Colleague; said, the God  
Had told him I design'd tyrannick Pow'r;  
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,  
And drove me forth the Gates.

*Mar. Sen.* Excellent Mischief!  
What's to be done?

*Cin.* No sooner was I gone,  
But a large Part of that great City follow'd me.

There

There's not an honest Spirit left in *Rome*,

That does not own my Cause, and wish for *Marius*.

*Mar. Sen.* Bring me my Horse, my Armour, and the Laurel  
With which, when I'ad o'ercome three barb'rous Nations,  
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome*.  
I go to free her now from greater Mischiefs.

*Enter Marius Junior and Granius.*

O my young Warrior!

*Mar. Jun.* Curst be the Light

And ever curst be all these Regions round us.

*Lavinia's* lost, borne back with Force to *Rome*,

By *Ruffians*, headed by her Father's Kinsmen;

And like a Coward too, I live, yet saw it. [Exit.

*Mar. Sen.* Oh *Marius*! *Marius*! let not Complaints come from  
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father. (thee,

If she be back in *Rome*, *Lavinia's* thine,

To-morrow's Dawn restores her to thy Arms.

For that fair Mistress, Fortune, which has cost

So dear, for which such Hardships I have past,

Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at last.

I long t' embrace her; nay, 'tis Death to stay.

I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away  
With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. [Exe. }

SCENE III. *Metellus's House.*

*Enter Metellus, Lavinia, and Priest of Hymen.*

*Lav.* **N**ay, you have catch'd me; you may kill me  
too:

But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,

Till all the Gods are Witnesses how you use me.

D 2

*Met.*

*Met.* What! like a Vagrant fly thy Father's House?  
And follow fulſomely an exil'd Slave,  
Diſdain'd by all the World, but abjeſt thou?  
Reſolve to go, or bound be ſent to *Sylla*,  
With as much Scorn as thou haſt done me Shame.

*Lav.* Do bind me, kill me, rack theſe Limbs: I'll bear't.  
But, Sir, conſider, ſtill I am your Daughter;  
And one Hour's Converſe with this holy Man  
May teach me to repent, and ſhew Obedience.

*Met.* Think not t'evade me by protracting Time:  
For if thou doſt not, may the Gods forſake me,  
As I will thee, if thou eſcape my Fury — [Exit.

*Lav.* Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)  
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,  
Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk  
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Bears,  
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-house  
(er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,  
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Skulls:  
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,  
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud;  
Things that to hear but told, have make me tremble;  
And I'll go thro' it without Fear or Doubting,  
To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love —

*Prieſt.* Take here this Phial then, and in this Moment  
Drink it; when ſtraight thro' all thy Veins ſhall run  
A cold anddrowſy Humour, more than Sleep:  
And in Death's borrow'd Likeneſs ſhalt thou lie  
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber,  
Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's paſt,  
And come by ſtealth to *Rome* —

*Lav.* Give me; Oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.

*Prieſt.* Farewel: Be bold and proſp'rous. [Exit.

*Lav.* Oh! Farewel —

Heav'n knows if ever we ſhall meet again.

I have



I have a faint cold Fear thrills thro' my Veins,  
That almost freezes up the Heat of Life.

I'll call him back again to comfort me.

Stay, holy Man. — But what should he do here?

My dismal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.

What if this Mixture do not work at all?

Shall I to-morrow then be sent to *Sylla*?

No, no——this shall forbid it; lie thou there——

[Lays down the Dagger.

Or how, if, when I'm laid into the Tomb,

I wake before the Time that *Marius* come

To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.

Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,

Where for these many hundred Years the Bones

Of all my bury'd Ancestors are pack'd?

Where, as they say, Ghosts at some Hours resort,

With Mandrakes Shrieks torn from the Earth's dark

That living Mortals hearing them, run mad? (Womb,

Or if I wake, shall I not be distracted,

Inviron'd round with all these hideous Fears,

And madly play with my Forefathers Joints?

Then in this Rage, with some great Kinsman's Bones,

As with a Club, dash out my desp'rate Brains!

What? *Sylla*? Get thee gone, thou meagre Lover;

My Sense abhors thee. Don't disturb my Draught;

'Tis to my Lord, [Drinks.] Oh, *Marius*! *Marius*! *Marius*!

[Exit.

D 3,

ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Cinna's Camp before the Walls of Rome.*

*Trumpets sound a General.*

*Enter Cinna, Marius Senior, and Sulpitius, Granius, two Ambassadors, Guards.*

*Cin.* **A**mbassadors from Rome? How many Slaves,  
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd  
But yesterday? yet now their Consul *Cinna*?  
Oh! what an excellent Master is an Army,  
To teach rebellious Cities Manners! Say,  
My Friend and Colleague *Marius*, shall we hear 'em?

*Mar. Sen.* Whom?

*Cin.* The Ambassadors.

*Mar. Sen.* From whence?

*Cin.* From Rome.

*Mar. Sen.* My loving Countrymen? they must be heard  
Or *Sylla* will be angry —

*Cin.* In what State

And Pageantry the solid Lumps move on?

And, tho' they come to beg, will be attended

With their ill-order'd Pomp, and aukward Pride.

Who are ye? and from whence?

*1 Amb.* From wretched Rome,

To thee, most mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,

Most dread Lord *Marius*, in her Name, we bow.

*Cin.*

*Cin.* What's your Demand?

*1 Amb.* Hear but our humble Pray'rs,  
And all Demands be made by Godlike *Cinna*.  
Whither, Oh! whither will your Rage pursue us?  
Must all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*  
Suffer for one Miscarriage of her Masters?  
Your sorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,  
In whose kind Bosom you were nurs'd and bred,  
Stretches her trembling Arms t'implore your Pity.  
Fold up your dreadful Ensigns, and lay by  
Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons;  
And come to her, ere Sorrows quite o'erwhelm her;  
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:  
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,  
And let no bloody Slaughter stain her Streets.

*Cin.* Thus 'tis you think to heal up smarting Honour,  
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound.  
Which for a time may make it whole and fair;  
Till the false Med'cine be at last discover'd,  
And then it rankles to a Sore again.  
Take this my Answer: I will enter *Rome*;  
But for my Force, I'll keep it still my own,  
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

*Mar. Sen. Sulpitius*, see what abject Slaves are these?  
Such base Deformities a long Robe hides.

*Sulp.* I can't but laugh to think on't.

*Mar. Sen.* What?

*Sulp.* How these politick Noddles, that look so grave  
upon the Matter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin  
at one another, when they are set a sunning upon the  
Capitol.

*2 Amb.* May we return with Joy into our City,  
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

*Cin.* Go tell 'em, we expect due Homage paid,  
Of ev'ry Senator expect Acknowledgment,  
Mighty Rewards and Offices of Honour.

*Amb.* But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,  
That never rose without a foll'wing Storm.

*Mar. Sen.* Alas! for me, a simple banish'd Man,  
Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law,  
And justly punish'd, as my Ills deserv'd,  
Think not of me: Whate'er are his Resolves,  
I shall obey.

*Both Amb.* May all the Gods reward you!—

[*Ex. Ambass. and Attendants.*]

*Cin.* Now, *Marius*.

*Mar. Sen.* Now, my *Cinna*.

*Cin.* Are not we

True born of Rome, true Sons of such a Mother?  
How I adore thy Temper!

*Mar. Sen.* Those two Knaves,  
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,  
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma*!

*Cin.* Let's not delay a Moment.

*Mar. Sen.* Oh! let's fly,

Enter this cursed City; nay, with Smiles too,  
But false as the adult'rate Promises  
Of Favourites in Pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

*Cin.* They always hated me, because a Soldier.

*Mar. Sen.* Base Natures ever grudge at things above 'em  
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.  
When Fears are on them, then their kindest Wishes  
And best Rewards attend the gallant Warrior:  
But Dangers vanish'd, infamous Neglect,  
Ill Usage, and Reproach, are all his Portion;  
Or at the best, he's wedded to hard Wants,  
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.



*Sulp.* I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,  
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows,  
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cause  
Call me to Dangers, be so basely branded.

*Mar. Sen.* Ere we this City enter then, let's swear:  
Not to destroy one honest *Roman* living.

*Sulp.* Nor one chaste Matron.

*Cin.* Nor a faithful Friend,

Nor true-born Heir, nor Senator that's wife. (Brats.

*Mar. Sen.* But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and base-born.  
And th'endless Swarms of Fools grown up in Years,  
Be Slaughter's Game, till we dispeople *Rome*.

*Cin.* Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets sound.

*Mar. Sen.* Till all things tell em *Marinus* is at hand.

*O Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou shalt hear

How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,

And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.

*Sulpitius*, as 'long the Streets we move,

With solemn Pace, and meditating Mischiefs,

Whome'er I smile on, let thy Sword go through.

Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,

The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans

Of murder'd Men, be Musick to appease me?

Sure Death's not far from such a desp'rate Cure.

Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loose,

That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,

And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,

And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half-blown.

For having no more Fury left in Store,

Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,

And Nature smiles as gaily as before—— [Exeunt.]

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SCENE

SCENE II. *Metellus's House.**Enter Metellus.*

*Met.* **A** Peace with *Marius*! O most base Submission!  
 That over-ruling Fears should weigh up Rea-  
 Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too? (son?  
 At *Capua*, almost in a Trumpet's Call?  
 And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,  
 I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,  
 And been reveng'd for all the Mischiefs done me.  
*Nurse.*

*Enter Nurse.**Nurse.* Here, an't shall please you.

*Met.* Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her, she must hence  
 For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce  
 Favours her Journey, and secures her Passage. [Exit

*[Scene draws, and discovers Lavinia on a Couch.*

*Nurse.* Wake her? poor Titmouse! it will be as peevish,  
 I'll warrant you, and rub it's Nyes, and so frown now.  
 Well; Mistress! why *Lavinia*! Fast I warrant her.  
 Why, Lamb! why, Lady! Fie, you Slug-a-bed.  
 What, not a Word? You take your Penny-worth now,  
 Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)  
*Sylla* takes care that you shall rest but little.

*Gods forgive me. —*

Marry and Amen. How sound is she asleep?  
 I must needs waken her. Madam! Madam! Madam!  
 Now should your Lover find you in this Posture,  
 He'd fright you up i'faith. What! won't it do?  
 Drest too? and in your Cloaths? and down again?  
 Nay, I must wake you. Lady, Lady, Lady.

Alas

Alas! alas! Help, my Lady's dead.  
Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!  
Some *Aqua Vita*. Hoa! my Lord—my Lady—

*Enter Metellus.*

*Met. Lavinia dead?*

*Nurse.* Your only Daughter's dead:

As dead as a Herring, Stock-fish, or Door-nail.

*Met.* Stiff, cold, and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?

Thy Blushes, that have warm'd so many Hearts?

All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,

Sigh till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languish'd

In my *Lavinia's* Brightness, weep with me,

Till Grief grow gen'ral, and the World's in Tears.

*Nurse.* Oh Day! Oh Day! Oh Day! Oh hateful Day!

Never was seen so black a Day as this.

Oh Day! Oh woful Day! Oh Day like Night!

*Met.* No more! Thus in her Bridal Ornaments,

Drest as she is; she shall be borne to Burial,

To'th Sepulchre where our Fortfathers rest.

Be't done, whilst all things we ordain'd for Joy

Turn from their Office, and assist in Sadness. *[Exit.*

*Nurse.* I shall be done and done, and overdone, as we  
are undone. And I will sigh and cry, till I am swell'd  
as big as a Pumpkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care  
thou shalt not die for nothing; for I will wash thee with  
my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and stick a  
Flower in ev'ry Part about thee.

SCENE changes to the Forum, where is placed the  
Consul's Tribunal.

*Enter two Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* Whither, Oh whither shall we fly for Safety?  
Already reeking Murther's in our Streets,

Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,  
And Rome appears! one noisom House of Slaughter.

2 *Cit.* Hear us, ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.  
Stop, stop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;  
Or send your Thunder forth to strike us dead,  
Ere our own Slaves are Masters of our Throats.

1 *Cit.* Ruin draws near us. Oh my Friend! let's fly  
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Hands  
Of one another die, as *Romans* ought. [Exeunt.

*Enter Ancharius the Senator, and his Grandson.*

*Child.* Hide me, my Grandfire; the ugly Men are coming,  
That kill'd my Mother and my Sister *Thesbia*.  
Will they kill you and me too?

*Anch.* Oh my Child!  
I cannot hide thee, nor know I what to do.  
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs:  
I can't resist, nor fly——

*Child.* Then here we'll sit;  
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,  
I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life.  
I am a very little harmless Boy;  
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,  
They'll pity sure my Tears, and grant me all.

*Enter several old Men in Black with Cypress Wreaths,  
leading Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before  
the Tribunal.*

*Then enters Marius Senior as Consul, Lictors, Sulpitius  
and Guards.*

*Mar. Sen.* I thank ye Gods, ye have restor'd me now.  
[Mounts the Tribunal.]

What Pageantry is this, *Sulpitius*, here?  
Remove these Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.



*Old Man.* We come not for our selves, but in the Name  
Of Rome, to offer up our Lives for all.

Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,  
And let loose all thy dreadful Fury here.

*Mar. Sen.* I know ye all, great Senators, ye are  
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious Rome.  
Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:  
And with that Cheat at any time ye think  
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.  
False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:  
For soon ye fatten and grow able Traitors.

False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser:  
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,  
Which you shall never gain at *Marius'* Hands.  
Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool,  
Rebellion will renew: ye can't be honest.  
You're never pleas'd but with the Knaves that cheat you,  
And work your Follies to their private Ends.

For your Religion, like your Cloaths you wear it,  
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.  
And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling  
To hush my Rage, and melt me into Pity?  
Advance, *Sulpitius*; old *Ancharius* there,

Who was so violent for my Destruction,  
That his Beard bristled, and his Face distorted;  
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.  
But spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em:  
Or keep 'em for my Warriors to rejoice in.

*Anch.* Thou who wert born to be the Plague of Rome,  
What wouldst thou do with me?

*Mar. Sen.* Dispose thee hence  
Amongst the other Offal, for the Jaws  
Of hungry Death, 'till Rome be purg'd of Villains.  
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.

*Child.*

*Child.* Oh my Lord!  
 (For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)  
 For my sake spare his Life. I have no Friend  
 But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.  
 When he is dead, what will become of me,  
 A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left  
 To all the Ills of the wide faithless World?

*Mar. Sen.* Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,  
 And make it sprawl to make the Grandfire Sport.

*Child.* O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,  
 And with my little dying Hands implore you:  
 I may be fit to do you some small Pleasures.  
 I'll find a thousand tender ways to please you:  
 Smile when you rage, and stroke you into Mildness;  
 Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:  
 For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me. [Breasts

*Mar. Sen.* Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mothers  
 Are they instructed, bred, and taught in Rome.  
 For that old Paralytick Slave, dispatch him:  
 Let me not know he breathes another Moment.  
 But spare this, cause't has learn'd its Lesson well,  
 And I've a Softness in my Heart pleads for him.

*Enter Messenger.*

Well now.

*Mef. Metellus.*

*Mar. Sen.* Hah! *Metellus*, What.

*Mef.* Is found.

*Mar. Sen.* Speak, where?

*Mef.* In an old Suburb-Cottage,

Upbraiding Heav'n, and cursing at your Fortune.

*Mar. Sen.* Haste, let him be preserv'd for my own Fury  
 Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*;  
 Ten thousand Talents for the News I'll give thee.  
 The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found;

Am

And in a Moment I shall be at ease.  
 Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Blood;  
 But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.  
 Let's go. *Metellus!* we have found *Metellus*,  
 Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;  
 'Till I have dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,  
 Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [Ex.]



SCENE IV. *A Church-yard.*

*Enter Marius Junior.*

*Mar. Jun.* **A**S I have wander'd musing to and fro;  
 Still am I brought to this unlucky Place;  
 As I had Business with the horrid Dead:  
 Though could I trust to Flattery of Sleep,  
 My Dreams presage some joyful News at hand.  
 My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,  
 And all this Day an unaccustom'd Spirit  
 Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts.  
 I dreamt *Lavinia* came and found me dead,  
 And breath'd such Life with Kisses on my Lips,  
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.

*Enter Catulus.*

*Cat.* My Lord already here!

*Mar. Jun.* My trusty *Catulus*,  
 What News from my *Lavinia*? speak and bless me:

*Cat.* She's very well.—

*Mar.*

*Mar. Jun.* Then nothing can be ill.  
 Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible,  
 Out with it boldly, Man; what can'st thou say  
 Of my *Lavinia*?

*Cat.* But one sad word, She's dead,  
 Here in her Kindred's Vault I've seen her laid,  
 And have been searching you to tell the News.

*Mar. Jun.* Dead! is it so? then I deny you, Stars,  
 Go, hasten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.  
 'Tis done: I'll hence to-night.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Priest?

*Cat.* No, my good Lord.

*Mar. Jun.* No matter, get thee gone—— [*Exit Catulus.*]  
*Lavinia*! yet I'll lie with thee to Night;  
 But for the means. Oh Mischief! thou art swift  
 To catch the straggling Thoughts of desp'rate Men.

I do remember an Apothecary,  
 That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death:  
 Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;  
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones;  
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,  
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins  
 Of ill-shap'd Fishes: and about his Shelves  
 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,  
 Green Earthen-pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,  
 Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show.  
 Oh for a Poison now! his Need will sell it,  
 Though it be present Death by *Roman Law*.  
 As I remember, this should be the House.  
 His Shop is shut: with Beggars all are Holidays.  
 Holla? Apothecary; ho!



*Enter Apothecary.*

*Apoth.* Who's there?

*Mar. Jun.* Come hither, Man,  
I see thou art very poor;

Thou may'st do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*

Get me a Draught of that will soonest free

A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me.

*Apoth.* Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman Law*  
Speaks Death to any he that utters them.

*Mar. Jun.* Art thou so base, and full of Wretchedness,

Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,

Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,

Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;

The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;

The World affords no Law to make thee rich:

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Apoth.* My Poverty, but not my Will consents——

*[Goes in, and fetches a Phial of Poison.]*

Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

*Mar. Jun.* There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls,

Doing more Murthers in this loathsome World

Than these poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to sell.

I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewel—buy Food—and get thy self in Flesh.

Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*——

*[Exit.]*

*Scene draws, and shews the Temple and Monument.*

*Re-enter Marius.*

It should be here: The Door is open too.

Th' insatiate Mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

*Enter*

*Enter Priest and Boy, with a Mattock and Iron Crow.*

*Priest.* Give me the Mattock and the wrenching Iron!  
Now take this Letter, with what haste thou canst,  
Find out young *Marius*, and deliver it. [Exit Boy.]  
Now must I to the Monument alone.

What Wretch is he that's entring into th' Tomb?  
Some Villain come to rob and spoil the Dead.  
Whoe'er thou art, stop thy unhallow'd Purpose.

*Mar. Jun.* Whoe'er thou art, I warn thee to be gone,  
And do not interrupt my horrid Purpose.  
For else, by Heav'n, I'll tear thee Joint by Joint,  
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs.  
My Mind, and its Intents are savage, wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far  
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

*Priest.* Then as a sacrilegious Slave, I charge thee,  
Obey, and go with me, or thou must die.

*Mar. Jun.* I know I must, and therefore I came hither,  
Good Reverence, do not tempt a desp'rate Man.  
By Heav'n, I love thee better than my self;  
For I against my self come hither arm'd.  
Stay not, be gone—Live, and hereafter say,  
A Madman's Mercy gave thee honest Counsel.

*Priest.* I do defie thy Mercy and thy Counsel,  
And here will seize thee as a Thief and Robber.

*Mar. Jun.* Wilt thou provoke me? Then here, take  
thy Wages. [Kills him.]

*Priest.* I'm kill'd. Oh *Marius*! now too late I know thee.  
Thou'st slain the only Man could do thee good.

*Lavinia*——Oh!——

*Mar. Jun.* Let me peruse this Face.  
It is the Honest Priest that join'd our Hands,  
In a Disguise conceal'd. Give me thy Hand;  
Since in ill Fate's black Roll with me thou'rt writ,

I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.

Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth,  
Thus will I force thy rotten Jaws to open,  
And spite of thee, yet cram thee with more Food.

[Falls down the Side of the Tomb.

Oh gorgeous Palace! oh my Love! my Wife!  
Death has had yet no Pow'r upon thy Beauty;  
That is not conquer'd. Beauty's Ensign yet  
Is Crimfon in thy Lips and in thy Cheeks;  
And the pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there.  
Why art thou still so fair? Shall I believe  
That the lean Monster Death is amorous,  
And keeps thee here in Darknes for his Paramour?  
For fear of that, I'll stay with thee for ever.  
Come, bitter Conduct, thou unsavoury Guide:

Here's to my Love——

[Drinks the Poison.

And now, Eyes, look your last,

Arms, take your last Embrace, whilst on these Lips

I fix the Seal of an eternal Contract——

She breathes and stirs! ——

[Lavinia wakes.

*Lav. in the Tomb.* Where am I? Bless me, Heav'n!

'Tis very cold: and yet here's something warm——

*Mar. Jun.* She lives, and we shall both be made Immortal.

Speak, my *Lavinia*, speak some heavenly News,

And tell me how the Gods design to treat us.

*Lav.* O! I have slept a long ten thousand Years.

What have they done with me! I'll not be us'd thus:

I'll not wed *Sylla*. *Marius* is my Husband;

Is he not, Sir? Methinks you're very like him.

Be good as he is, and protect me.

*Mar. Jun.* Hah!

Wilt thou not own me? am I then but like him?

Much, much indeed I'm chang'd from what I was;

And ne'er shall be my self, if thou art lost.

*Lav.*

*Lav.* The Gods have heard my Vows; it is my *Marius*.  
Once more they have restor'd him to my Eyes.  
Hadst thou not come, sure I had slept for ever.  
But there's a Sovereign Charm in thy Embraces,  
That might do Wonders, and revive the Dead.

*Mar. Jun.* Ill Fate no more, *Lavinia*, now shall part us,  
Nor cruel Parents, nor oppressing Laws.  
Did not Heav'n's Pow'rs all wonder at our Loves?  
And when thou told'st the Tale of thy Disasters,  
Was there not Sadness and a Gloom amongst 'em?  
I know there was; and they in pity sent thee,  
Thus to redeem me from this Vale of Torments,  
And bear me with thee to those Hills of Joys.  
This World's gross Air grows burthensome already.  
I'm all a God; such heav'nly Joys transport me,  
That mortal Sense grows sick, and faints with tasting. [*Dies*]

*Lav.* Oh! to recount my Happiness to thee,  
To open all the Treasure of my Soul,  
And shew thee how 'tis fill'd, would waste more time  
Than so impatient Love as mine can spare.  
He's gone! he's dead! breathless: alas! my *Marius*.  
A Phial too; here, here has been his Bane.  
O Churl! drink all? not leave one friendly Drop  
For poor *Lavinia*? Yet I'll drain thy Lips,  
Perhaps some welcome Poison may hang there,  
To help me to o'ertake thee on thy Journey.  
Clammy and damp as Earth. Hah! Stains of Blood?  
And a Man murder'd? 'Tis th' unhappy *Flamen*.  
Who fix their Joys on any thing that's Mortal,  
Let 'em behold my Portion, and despair.  
What shall I do? how will the Gods dispose me?  
Oh! I could rend these Walls with Lamentation,  
Tear up the Dead from their corrupted Graves,  
And dawb the Face of Earth with her own Bowels.



*Enter Marius Senior, and Guards, driving in Metellus.*

*Mar. Sen.* Pursue the Slave: let not his Gods protect him.

*Lav.* More Mischiefs? hah! My Father.

*Met.* Oh! I am slain. *[Falls down and dies.]*

*Lav.* And murther'd too! When will my Woes have end?  
Come, cruel Tyrant.

*Mar. Sen.* Sure I have known that Face.

*Lav.* And canst thou think of any one good Turn  
That I have done thee, and not kill me for't?

*Mar. Sen.* Art thou not call'd *Lavinia*?

*Lav.* Once I was.

But by my Woes may now be better known.

*Mar. Sen.* I cannot see thy Face——

*Lav.* You must, and hear me.

By this, you must: nay, I will hold you fast.

*[Seizes his Sword.]*

*Mar. Sen.* What wouldst thou say? where's all my  
Rage gone now?

*Lav.* I am *Lavinia*, born of noble Race,  
My Blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,  
But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own:

Tho' my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd  
By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth

That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for:

He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,

And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;

Scarce a Night old.

*Mar. Sen.* I do remember't well.

And thou art She, that Wonder of thy Kind,

That couldst be true to exil'd Misery,

And to and fro through barren Desarts range,

To find th'unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

*Lav.* Do you remember't well?

*Mar.*

*Mar. Sen.* In every Point.

*Lav.* You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,  
Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father,  
And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

*Mar. Sen.* No, thou wert, next the Gods, my only Comfort.  
When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd Earth,  
Beneath the scorching Heat of burning Noon,  
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:  
Then Thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,  
Cam'st by, and in Compassion didst relieve me.

*Lav.* Did I all this?

*Mar. Sen.* Thou didst; thou sav'dst my Life,  
Else I had sunk beneath the Weight of Want,  
And been a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

*Lav.* And see how well I am at last rewarded.  
All could not balance for the short-term'd Life  
Of one old Man: You have my Father butcher'd,  
The only Comfort I had left on Earth.  
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;  
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.  
This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,  
Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.  
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair  
Seize all Mankind, 'till they grow mad as I am.

*[Stabs her self with his Sword]*

*Mar. Sen.* Nay, now thou hast outdone me much  
Be Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun (Cruelty  
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,  
Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.  
Oh let me bury Me and all my Sins  
Here with this good old Man. Thus let me kiss  
Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.  
My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End?  
We might have all been Friends, and in one House

Enjoy

Enjoy'd the Blessings of eternal Peace.  
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.  
Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their March  
From Capua, and to-morrow will reach Rome,  
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,  
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

*Enter Sulpitius (led by two of the Guards) and Granius.*

*Ma. Sen.* O! then I'm ruin'd! From this very Moment  
Has my good Genius left me; Hopes forsakes me.  
The Name of *Sylla's* baneful to my Fortune.  
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil  
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.  
Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,  
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.  
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,  
A hopeless Vessel bound for the dark Land  
Of loathsome Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.

*[He is led off.]*

*Sulp.* A Curse on all Repentance! how I hate it!  
I'd rather hear a Dog howl! than a Man whine.

*Gran.* You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

*Sulp.* No; 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a  
Church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill serve; I am  
pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox  
on all Madmen hereafter. If I get a Monument, let  
this be my Epitaph:

*Sulpitius lies here, that troublesome Slave,  
That sent many honest Men to the Grave;  
And dy'd like a Fool, when he had liv'd like a Knave.*

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

E P I.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY, who acted *Lavinia*.

*A* Mischief on't! tho' I'm again alive,  
May I believe this Play of ours shall thrive?  
This Drumming, Trumpeeting, and Fighting Play:  
Why, what a Devil will the People say?  
The Nation that's without and hears the Din,  
Will swear we're raising Volunteers again.  
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,  
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head;  
Had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,  
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.  
No 'Prentice e'er, grown weary of Indentures,  
Had such a longing Mind to seek Adventures,  
Nay, sure at last th' Infection gen'ral grew;  
For t' other Day I was a Captain too:  
Neither for Flanders nor for France to roam,  
But, just as you were all, to stay at home.  
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,  
Only for Love of Underhill and Nurse Noakes,  
Our Poet says, One Day t' a Play ye come,  
Which serves ye half a Year for Wit at home.  
But which amongst you is there to be found,  
Will take his third Day's Pawn for fifty Pound?  
Or, now he is cashier'd, will fairly venture  
To give him really Money for's Debenture?  
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal Doom,  
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come  
To help a poor disbanded Soldier home.

F I N I S.



